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AMERICANS will be puzzled by the news of the reconstruction of the British Cabinet during a peculiarly critical period in the conduct of the war. What does it mean? We can understand why one member of the Cabinet, whose behavior has been severely criticized and who is credited with a tendency to act first and consult his colleagues afterwards, should be sacrificed to his colleagues. Never in the history of Great Britain has there been more needed at the head of the Admiralty a man in whom the whole empire has absolute confidence. But why should the unpopularity of Winston Churchill be made the excuse for the formation of a coalition ministry? Why should it result in the substitution of Bonar Law for David Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer? There can be only two explanations for such a radical and disconcerting change. The first is that other members of the Cabinet as well as Mr. Churchill are considered to have failed in the practical work of administration. The second is that the Cabinet as a whole does not command the undivided popular support which is so essential to the governing body of a nation during the prosecution of a war. Both of these reasons have cooperated in producing the present crisis. The Conservatives have felt about certain other Cabinet ministers very much as the Republicans would feel about the retention of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State and Mr. Daniels as Secretary of the Navy in the event of war with Germany. They have felt furthermore that a Cabinet which asks and needs the support of the Opposition should contain members of the Opposition and should not adopt contentious domestic policies. They have succeeded apparently in getting their way, but their victory will entail serious consequences. The Government will lose the confidence of many Liberals without entirely gaining the confidence of the Conservatives, and after the war is over the memory of this crisis will serve to increase the mutual suspicion of British parties and the intensity of partisan strife.

THE Radicals will not forgive the Conservatives for forcing a reconstruction of the Cabinet in the midst of the war. When the war broke out the Opposition pledged its support to the Government, and agreed to suspend its ordinary constitutional function of continuous criticism. The pledge has been kept in the House of Commons, but it has not been kept by the more influential of the Conservative newspapers. They have criticized the Government sharply and persistently for its conduct of the war. There has been much force in their complaints. The administrative organization of the military service has not broken down as it did during the Crimean and Boer Wars or during our own Spanish War, but it has not dealt vigorously with some of the more novel and critical problems of industrial organization and social policy created by the emergency. The Cabinet has hesitated, faltered and drifted. There might have been sufficient reason for its reconstruction in case the Conservative party contained certain leaders who were peculiarly qualified either to supply the administrative defects

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of the Government or to deal competently with the novel social and industrial problems. But such is not the case. The Conservatives are lacking in leaders of proved administrative ability or social and industrial initiative. The Radicals will consider Conservative opposition to be factious. They will remark that it did not become unmanageable until the attempt of the Government to deal with the temperance problem aroused the hostility of the liquor interest, and they will remark that an English Government which attacks that interest even during war gets into trouble. That is the sinister aspect of the Cabinet crisis. It is one which may well make the most loyal friends of Great Britain in this country grieve and doubt.

FOR a belligerent country to have a spokesman in a neutral country is a civilized practice. Therefore it is a pity that the Dernburg experiment has failed. When Dr. Dernburg arrived in the United States he made rather a good start. His first two statements had real adroitness and an air of candor. Most of his audience were decently willing to hear what he had to say. But the longer he remained the less he seemed to understand how to do his job. One mark of a gentleman, says Cardinal Newman, is his talent for not offending. Dr. Dernburg was so far from possessing this talent that the more he revealed himself the more offense he gave. No suspicion that he could give offense when he did not mean to seems ever to have cleared his mind. After his remarks about the sinking of the Lusitania his usefulness in this country was over. More than one lifetime would be needed to live down so stupid an exhibition of callousness, and for such a living down Dr. Dernburg lacked many things besides time. The choice of such a man for such a mission is another example of official Germany's greatest intellectual weakness—failure to understand any point of view but its own.

NEVERTHELESS the Dernburg experiment would have been worth making with some other man. What kind of man? Perhaps an example will do instead of a definition. Since the beginning of the war Professor Kuno Francke of Harvard has published several letters explaining and defending the German point of view. These letters have one quality of the highest value to a controversialist—they reveal in the writer a character which is persuasive even when his arguments fail to persuade. When agreement is possible one is glad to agree with such a man, sincere, humane, sensitively aware that opinions opposed to his own, wishes in conflict with his most fundamental wishes, have a right to exist. Since the Lusitania was torpedoed, the Boston papers have published this poem by Professor Francke, called "A German Prayer":

Ist dies Europa's Ende?—Dann, o Gott,
Errette gnädig meines Volkes Geist
Aus Weltenunterganges grauser Nacht.
Führ' ihn aus Wut und Wahn der alten Welt
Verjüngt empor, gereinigt und verklärt,
Auf dass er strahlend leuchte neuer Zeit
Und himmlich sich die Erde neu entfalte.
Geist meines Volks, du sinkest nicht zu Staub.

Of course no German occupying Dr. Dernburg's position could or should have expressed himself in such words at this time. But to any German sent here to do Dr. Dernburg's work the imagination and sensitiveness which distinguish this nobly patriotic utterance would have been of great practical value. They would have made him incapable of talking like Dr. Dernburg.

THE Colorado State Federation of Labor has petitioned the Commission on Industrial Relations to investigate the procedure of the Colorado courts before which John R. Lawson and Louis Zancanelli were convicted of murder. The petition sets forth that hundreds of miners now under indictment are denied trial and kept in jail by exorbitant bail. It charges that when eight jurors out of twelve voted to acquit Louis Zancanelli, the coal operators resorted to the open venire system of choosing jurors for a new trial, and coal company doctors, coal company managers, and men who had fought with striking miners were selected to try those miners. Although affidavits were made that one of the jurors had a gambling wager on the outcome of the verdict, Judge Hillyer permitted him to serve. These trials were as much an instrument in the warfare of the coal companies against the labor union as were strikebreakers or mine guards. If juries can be packed whenever a trade unionist is on trial, the community need not be astonished if violence and bloodshed take the place of the orderly processes of law. The ultimate goal of the English constitution, it has been said, is "to get twelve good men in a box." If the "twelve good men," by the very principle of their selection, are prejudiced in advance against the defenders, we should do as well to throw over jury trial entirely and return to ordeal by fire.

WHAT has happened many times before in many parts of the world has happened again in England, where the violence of mobs has forced the government to do something which other expressions of public opinion, in speeches and newspapers, had failed to bring about. Not until mob violence threatened the safety of Germans in England, where they amount to about one-tenth of one per cent of the population, could the government

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make up its mind to intern them. Other forms of appeal had failed. In Italy too the immediate effectiveness of violence has just been proved once more. Upon the resignation of the Salandra Cabinet disorder broke out in many of the larger Italian cities. Nobody, not even a man sitting in a room in the United States and reading the papers, could fail to see that if the government of Italy were entrusted to a cabinet opposed to foreign war something very like civil war was highly probable. The demonstration of this probability was quick and sharp. Popular feeling expressed in violence worked its will in no time. And the moral? Well, the moral is of course that violence is always and from every point of view a mistake. Any other inference would be immoral.

FOR every hundred persons who know of Dr. Osler's suggestion that men of a certain age be chloroformed, there is hardly one who is familiar with his long, brilliant and useful professional career. Similarly the citizens of New York are likely to remember the novel proposal of Chamberlain Bruère that his own office be abolished, and completely to forget how admirably he has conducted himself in that office. Mr. Bruère has utilized hitherto neglected opportunities; has placed the lending of the city's money upon a business basis, and is now proposing a comprehensive plan of financial reorganization. His quiet activities have made themselves felt in many branches of the city government. He has worked much and talked little. Though an expert in municipal administration, he has realized the limitations of the expert, and his enthusiasm, devotion to the public cause, and his sense of realities have made him an ideal public servant. He is a most efficient member of a most efficient administration.

ON the twenty-fourth of May each of the Federal Reserve banks will deposit $1,000,000 with the Federal Reserve Board in Washington. Through the medium of the fund thus created the indebtedness of each bank to the others will in the future be adjusted. Step by step, quietly and without clamor or opposition, the machinery of the new currency system is being perfected, and its administration is assuming the position and functions of a Central Bank. The Federal Reserve act was a compromise between the advocates of a single powerful institution with branches, and the opponents of any form of centralized control. The measure was designed to secure efficient and responsible direction while emphasizing, for popular consumption, the importance and independence of each of the constituent units. Competent critics asserted that this diffused authority would render the system unworkable. Their allegations have never been tested nor are they likely to be. From the outset the Federal Reserve Board, as was anticipated, has dominated the situation. The Owen-Glass bill as originally proposed was greatly improved by criticism, but in conception it was sound and, what is almost as important, practicable. In American politics it is sometimes a mistake to refuse a half loaf because the whole is unobtainable. It is often the part of wisdom to take what you can get on the assumption that public opinion will ultimately continue the baking.

MRS. WIGGS, unable to recall anything else that might be said in favor of the deceased Mr. Wiggs, always stated with tearful pride that he wrote a good hand. In a similar spirit of tolerance it may be said of the late New York legislature that it had a sense of humor. Note Senate Bill No. 1,500, introduced by Mr. Marshall, who dips his pen in satire and begins as follows: "Only one price for a given commodity shall be lawful. A farmer desiring to change a price shall file a schedule thereof with the state agricultural department, which shall go into effect thirty days thereafter, unless suspended by the commissioner at the instance of any consumer." Mr. Marshall takes the hired man under his wing in 321: "Every farmer shall hire one more hired man than his work requires," and in 324: "Sheds shall be built over all fields where hired men have to work in summer." Furthermore all double teams are to be provided with couplers so that hired men need not go between the wheels of the wagon and the heels of the horses, and every bull is to "be equipped with a bell of not less than fifty pounds weight, a steam whistle and an electric headlight." Though Mr. Marshall's specialty is burlesque he is not averse to a bit of harmless punning: "If a cylinder is missing, the farmer must find it before he runs on the road again." One can picture the mock solemnity with which the Senate listened twice to the reading of this masterpiece, ordered it printed, gently lowered it into the Committee on Agriculture, and then, greatly refreshed, returned to the serious work of penalizing women who work in canning factories.

VACANCIES in the Hall of Fame, New York, are filled every five years by the votes of one hundred and twenty eminent electors. The constitution says one elector is given to every "state or group of adjacent states having approximately 1,000,000 inhabitants." Thus the electorate consists of men and women chosen with care from every part of the United States. From them it would be natural to expect a steadiness of judgment

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in pleasing contrast to the caprices of a democracy. Yet inspection of the vote in 1900, 1905 and 1910 discloses the most violent fluctuations. Prescott, the historian, who had 33 votes in 1900, dropped to 21 in 1910. Adoniram Judson, with whose translation of the Bible into Burmese the electors seem deplorably unfamiliar, has dropped from 36 to 15. This last figure, however, is two more than he got in 1905. Eleven votes in 1900, 29 in 1905, and 20 in 1910—such is the incomprehensible record of Matthew Simpson, whose "Cyclopedia of Methodism" should be in the hands of every eminent man and every eminent child. Could the people voting directly be more liable to change without notice?

VIOLENT utterance is unworthy of the New York *Times*. Referring to the phrase, "Slang is language in its shirtsleeves," it permits a contributor to remark, "Now this is a perfect epigram, for it is terse, striking, and utterly false." A generalization like this offends against moderation. Utter falsity is not a necessary condition of an epigram. It is sufficient that it be partly false. A good epigram should leave some doubt as to its veracity. It should juggle a pea of assertion between the thimbles of philosophy and wit. Under such circumstances the perfect epigram would probably be a split pea.

Germany's Real Offense

INASMUCH as war remains a possible result of the existing German-American crisis, the controversy between the two countries should be submitted to the most searching and disinterested examination. Such an examination is the more desirable because the righteous indignation caused by the loss of innocent life on the Lusitania has diverted American public opinion from an attempt to disentangle its fundamental grievance. The American case is sound enough to survive triumphantly even an unfriendly scrutiny. It is rendered stronger rather than weaker by a statement which is scrupulously fair to Germany.

In a letter to the New York *Times*, ex-president Eliot of Harvard illustrates a prevailing tendency to misinterpret the nature of Germany's offense. He says: "The lesson which the sinking of the Lusitania teaches is this: Germany thinks it right to disregard on grounds of military necessity existing international conventions with regard to naval warfare, precisely as she disregarded the agreed-upon neutrality of Belgium on the ground of military necessity." This comparison between the German submarine campaign and the violation of Belgium is burning in the minds of many Americans, but it needs to be treated with caution. The two cases are not on all fours. In both Germany deliberately violated international law, and brought suffering and death upon people who were not remotely responsible for any possible German grievance against her enemies. But a much more authentic plea of military necessity can be made on behalf of the submarine campaign than could be made for the attack on France through Belgium; and what is more to the purpose, the rules of law violated by the two offenses have a wholly unequal value.

Germany's invasion of France through Belgium proved to be of questionable military advantage. Most Germans would probably admit that it was, all things considered, a mistake, and that strategically as well as morally it has cost more than it was worth. The violation of Belgium united Great Britain in favor of war, alienated the sympathy of neutral countries, and failed in its immediate purpose of crushing French resistance. It failed, but even if it had succeeded, it could never have been anything but a crime against civilization. Neither did its criminality consist merely in its disregard of existing international conventions. Great Britain has disregarded international conventions without incurring any corresponding moral reprobation. It was criminal because it struck at the roots of any international system except one based exclusively on force. A world in which such acts can be committed without involving severe retribution is as essentially predatory as that of Attila or Hannibal.

The submarine campaign is different. It is manifestly illegal, and it is revolting in its indifference to the lives of innocent non-combatants; but it is directed against a phase of international law which has no value for civilization corresponding to the principle of the inviolacy of small and helpless nations. The submarine campaign is directed against rules which enable one belligerent to obtain decisive assistance from neutrals and forbids it to another. Such rules seem to many people repugnant rather than essential to international equity; and as a result of the war they are almost certain to be modified. They were born during a period when neutral nations were irresponsible. They serve no humane or more than national purpose. Pacifists object to them because of a conviction that all traffic in weapons and munitions of war is obnoxious. The neutral trader is dissatisfied because he does not want war to interfere any more than necessary with ordinary commerce. Most nations have accepted them only with reluctance. They have not been determined by a balance of national interests, by any disposition to make

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war costly and unprofitable, or by an ideal of justice and humanity. They have been written by sea power for the benefit of sea power.

As these rules operate at present, Germany is certainly entitled to the full benefit of the plea of military necessity. The ammunition and equipment which the Allies are purchasing in the United States are something more than a help to them and a handicap to Germany. They are becoming the decisive element in the contest. The French and English general staffs are planning to break down German resistance without excessive sacrifice of life by making a superabundance of artillery and ammunition do the work of soldiers. In spite of the fact that they will be fighting on the offensive, they expect to be able to inflict losses on the Germans heavier than their own losses; and the expectation is based exclusively on their ability to obtain preponderance in artillery fire. This excess of ammunition will be furnished chiefly from American sources. If the Germans are beaten, their defeat will be the result of assistance rendered to the Allies by neutrals, acting under the protection of a legal rule which converts neutral nations during war into the handmaids of sea power.

THE NEW REPUBLIC has expressly repudiated the idea that the United States should voluntarily surrender the right of its citizens to sell equipment and ammunition to the Allies. International law cannot be rewritten during the heat, noise and confusion of actual hostilities. But American public opinion should recognize that in this instance Germany has a grievance not against the United States, but against the law of nations, and in particular against Great Britain. Consider the counts in the indictment from the German point of view. In spite of the privileged position which she already occupied as the result of her maritime supremacy, Great Britain has tried to make her sea power a still more irresistible military instrument. She has attempted to set aside the distinction, so fundamental in the traditional legal system, between the civil and military population of an enemy. She has proposed to deprive all Germans of food, no matter whether they were or were not capable of hostile acts, while at the same time she has insisted upon the personal safety of those of her own citizens who, although not in uniform, were engaged in the all-important task of transporting military supplies. The British government will not allow a German woman to obtain food from the United States with which to feed her children, in spite of the fact that it is buying rifles in the United States with which to kill her husband.

An influential section of American public opinion has been impressed by the reality of the German grievance. If Germany had presented her case persuasively and had used fewer threats and less violence, she might eventually have aroused in her own favor a formidable and perhaps an effective amount of American sympathy and understanding. But the sinking of the Lusitania has had precisely the opposite result. Any sympathy with the purpose of the submarine campaign and any disposition to assist it was extinguished by horror and indignation. It became far more important for the United States and other neutral powers to prevent, if possible, indiscriminate destruction of innocent human life than to protest against the methods and the rules of the mistress of the seas. We are obliged to insist upon our full legal rights as noncombatants, not because of the ultimate and intrinsic value of these rights, but because of the barbarous way in which they have been challenged. Back of the insistence is a growing conviction that any injury which it would do to Germany and any advantage which it would confer on Great Britain must be accepted, not with reluctance but with calculated and cordial approval. We have a fair chance of living amicably with the fellow countrymen of the majority of the Lusitania victims, but we cannot live amicably with the nation who so deliberately and remorselessly condemned them to death.

Enter Italy

ITALY'S entrance into the great war on the side of the Allies is of capital military and political importance. It will almost certainly be followed by the participation of some of the Balkan States, no one of which, with the possible exception of Bulgaria, can support Germany. The military preponderance of the Allies will then become overwhelming, and the ultimate defeat of Germany only a question of time. The Germans can hope for nothing better than to make the Allies pay an excessive price for their victory. Under the circumstances the necessity of defending Austria-Hungary will be a source of weakness to them rather than of strength. The shorter the defensive line on which the German army can concentrate, the more stubborn, prolonged and destructive its resistance will be. The fighting will take place in part at least on German soil, and the German civil population will drink from the same cup that their army has been pressing to the lips of Belgians and Frenchmen. Unless they yield quickly the draught will be bitter and deep. Flushed by their apparently overwhelming military preponderance, the Allies will be satisfied with nothing but a decisive victory, and their intention of imposing upon Germany their own terms will harden into a grim and iron resolution.

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As a result of Italy's participation the political consequences of the war will become more than ever incalculable and portentous. Hitherto there has been at least a possibility of an early peace and of a deliberate evasion of radical political readjustments. Pacifists have hoped that the nations who were plunging their hands so deep in one another's blood might pause, ask whether it were worth while, and accept an early and an inoffensive settlement. Their hope has proved to be an illusion. Italy has entered the war with the intention of profiting by its results. She cannot be paid even a portion of her price without the dismemberment of the Austrian and the Turkish empires—a dismemberment so considerable that none but a crushed and helpless Germany would consent. It follows inexorably that Germany must be brought to her knees. The slaughter must continue until the most effective fighting machine in the world's history is ready to admit the futility of further resistance.

Pacifists may well be discouraged and depressed at the spectacle. The war has lasted almost ten months. During that period more suffering has probably been wrought upon a larger number of sensitive people than ever before in the history of Europe. All the pacifist contentions about the hideous unreason of war have been fearfully justified. Apparently only madmen could prefer such a method of bringing about even desirable political readjustments. Yet with the experience of the past ten months staring it in the face, the Italian nation, after full consideration and with a sufficient popular approval, has elected to purchase territorial aggrandizement by participation in the bloodshed and the suffering. This decision has been reached in spite of the fact that Germany and Austria have offered to Italy as the price of continued neutrality concessions which less than a year ago could not have been extorted by anything except a victorious war. A relatively free people, possessed of parliamentary institutions, has deliberately preferred a prospectively profitable war to a more honorable but less remunerative peace.

We are not presuming to pass judgment on Italy. Her choice may well have been determined by considerations the force of which outsiders are in no position to estimate. Her leaders may have believed that in any event she had earned the relentless enmity of Germany, and that her future safety depended upon the reduction of that country to comparative impotence. But whatever the reason or excuses, Italy, after what was essentially if not formally a period of discussion and a plebiscite, has voted for war, and her decision promises to be one of the most fateful in the history of Europe. It makes for a treaty of peace which will radically alter national boundaries, which will destroy the old balance of power, and which may necessitate an alliance among the beneficiaries of the agreement for the sake of preserving their profits; a treaty of peace which is more likely to be a compromise among the conflicting national ambitions of the Allies than the beginning of a new system of public law for Europe. Other nations as well as Italy can be sublimely selfish, and when their aims conflict the selfishness overwhelms the sublimity. The most disinterested among the Allies will be Great Britain, but even she will inevitably demand a certain share of the spoils. South Africa will never give up the neighboring German territory which its army has just occupied. Australia and New Zealand will want to retain their conquered islands. It looks like a scramble. The original Allies may have come together to curb German aggression, but the latter accessions to the alliance, such as Japan and probably Italy, are themselves intentional aggressors. The outlook is ominous.

Our Universities

THE University of Pennsylvania is in the midst of a moral crisis. The immediate question, into the details of which we shall not now enter, is whether a few radical professors shall be repressed if not actually dismissed. The real question is, what is to become of our universities? Shall they become the private property of very wealthy men, who know what they think and what they wish the people to think, or shall they belong, at least intellectually, to the whole nation? Shall these great seminaries teach the policies which produce financial magnates and machine bosses, allied rulers of our industrial and political worlds, or shall they become the representatives of the advancing democratic thought of America?

The conflict in Pennsylvania is peculiarly grave because of the kind of men who are serving on the Board of Trustees, the supreme governing body of the University. These men belong to that social group which does not want change. There are estimable men among them, but they are in the main representatives of great business interests, chosen for financial reasons solely. The street railways, the gas company, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the Girard Trust Company, all have their representatives on this Board. These men, who control the University as they control the politics of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, are the last in the world to understand the intellectual uneasiness, the economic skepticism,

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the intense desire for political reformation, which are the moving forces of to-day. We do not wish to impugn their honesty or deny their technical capacity. Collectively, however, they are reactionary and socially unenlightened. We should rather entrust the University of Pennsylvania to citizens less successful, less philanthropic, even less scrupulous, than permit the institution to be controlled by these more reputable gentlemen, who regard the expression of economic discontent as immoral.

The University of Pennsylvania has made rapid progress in the last generation. It has built many buildings. It has improved its equipment. It has engaged a splendid corps of professors to instruct an ever increasing number of students. It has improved its curriculum, liberalized its teaching, and in a moral as well as in a material sense placed itself among the leading universities of America. All this, however, is of little value so long as the control of the University is representative not of the whole people of Pennsylvania but solely of "the ruling class," of a small group willing to give and able to get, with industrial power, political privilege and social prestige. There is no representative of labor on the Board. There are few if any representatives of radical thought, of small business, of the farmers. The University is run by the people who raise the money; and these men, consciously or unconsciously, invest their capital in the business of making public opinion. It remains to be seen whether in the long run public opinion will permit itself to be made.

In the meanwhile the immediate issue will be fought out. The fate of these few professors, like the fate of one French captain of artillery, is in itself insignificant. It becomes supremely significant when it reveals within our universities a conflict between political reaction and political progress, between intellectual repression and freedom of speech, between a plutocracy strongly entrenched and a democracy not yet fully conscious of itself.

Resting Our Case

THE nation is almost a unit in approving of Mr. Wilson's note to Germany. The note is quiet, dignified, and firm. It is a model of restraint and understatement. It offers no ultimatum. It utters no threats. In presenting the American case it seeks not to wound Germany's pride or to injure Germany's legitimate interests. At the same time it declares firmly its condemnation of Germany's present submarine policy, and insists upon a change consonant with the interests of neutrals and the usages of international law.

The note of Mr. Wilson possesses a still greater virtue. It reproduces with remarkable skill the mean of American opinion. It presents the picture of a nation seeking by all honorable means to avert war, but willing to go even to that extreme in defence of principles of law and humanity. It is a note satisfying alike to those anxious for immediate action and to those willing to endure even more than we have endured rather than permit a break in our relations with Germany. American public opinion has coalesced about this note and the extremists on both sides have been silenced. We do not hear boasts of what we shall "do to Germany." No one is vaunting the possible exploits of our American navy or of our American army. The pacifists, too, are contented. Even the German-Americans who have so bitterly attacked our foreign policy have in the main rallied to the support of the President.

It is this support which gives to the President's message its momentum. Diplomatic notes are of little practical value unless backed up by the united will of a powerful nation. Had Mr. Wilson been King of Holland or President of the Swiss Confederation instead of being President of the United States, or had he represented a nation hopelessly divided, the note would have received scant attention from the nation to which it is addressed. Germany listens to Wilson but looks to America. It cares for what he may say because it cares for what we may do.

It is too soon, however, to pass a final judgment upon this diplomatic message, which must be appraised not by itself but by the net result of the whole negotiations. A manifesto may be logical and eloquent, but if it accomplishes nothing it remains a manifesto. What we are striving for is not a mere diplomatic victory. We are not trying to "put Germany in a hole." We are seeking a tangible result—the saving of American lives and the establishment of certain principles of international law without recourse to war.

Whether we succeed will depend upon factors psychological and military of which we can now know but little. If Germany believes that America is materialistic and hypocritical, a nation whose phrases conceal its fears, she may delude herself into pursuing a course which will injure herself and us by making war inevitable. How Germany answers will depend upon the state of her public opinion, upon the character of the persons who gain the ear of the Emperor, upon the estimate made by the military authorities of the probable action of America. It may also depend upon whether Germany believes that the "game is up." If Italy's intervention convinces Germany that defeat is inevitable, or if, because she cannot produce ammunition rapidly enough to supply her armies,

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she is disinclined to continue the war, it may become her policy to invite a new enemy into the field. In such a case the government might believe that the addition of America to Germany's foes would not only excuse her defeat but soften the terms of peace, since the United States would be the least vindictive of Germany's enemies and the one most likely to protect her. If through misapprehension or despair Germany adopts an uncompromising attitude, there can be no favorable issue to the controversy.

It is not possible at this writing to forecast how far Germany will yield. There are indications, however, that a section of public opinion in Germany, as in Sweden, is opposed to the drowning of non-combatants. Germany's reply is likely to be in tone at least friendly, and may concede America's case in minor matters. Submarine activity has temporarily ceased. In the Cushing and Gulflight cases reparation will be offered, while in the Lusitania and Falaba cases counter propositions will be made which will broaden the issue and hold open the door to further negotiation.

There are several points in the American note which make such a broadening of the discussion probable. President Wilson has not limited himself to the demand that American lives be protected, but has specified the means to assure such protection, the cessation of illegal submarine warfare against merchant vessels. Germany may raise the question whether America has the right to deprive her of her sole remaining naval weapon. She may protest that vessels which have been instructed by their government to ram submarines have in reality something of a belligerent character and have sacrificed the immunity possessed by unresisting merchant vessels. She may demand that American passengers be excluded from boats carrying absolute contraband. She may ask that the United States, which is to-day defending against Germany the rights of neutrals and non-combatants, defend those rights also against Great Britain. President Wilson has stated that the government of Germany has always stood for the principle of "the sacred freedom of the seas," and has intimated that the government of the United States is in agreement with the Imperial government on this point. But according to Germany this freedom is absolutely impossible so long as England fails to concede the right of private property at sea, while the irregular blockade of Germany by British vessels is not only an unjustified limitation of the rights of neutrals but is an unqualified negation of all maritime freedom. Both morally and legally the whole question of what is "the sacred freedom of the seas," of what are the rights of non-combatants and neutrals, is infinitely tangled, and it is into these mazes that Mr. Wilson's note invites the German government to enter.

It is not probable and perhaps not desirable that America will escape the discussion of these questions and the taking of action based upon its decision. In the meantime we should not permit such discussion to divert us from our immediate purpose. A hundred American citizens lost their lives on the Lusitania, and it is intolerable that this atrocity should be repeated. We cannot afford to bargain with Germany for the safety of our citizens. We are willing to enter into the broader question and maintain our position against England, but no redress offered to us by Germany must be conditioned upon any such action.

Pan-American Finance

ON the twenty-fourth of May the first Pan-American Financial Conference will be convened at Washington under the presidency of the Secretary of the Treasury. Representatives of nineteen American republics, including the United States, will participate in its discussions, which will deal with government finance, commercial credits and transportation. Whatever it may or may not accomplish, the conference, merely by bringing the delegates together for an interchange of views, cannot fail to facilitate the ultimate solution of trade problems. Previous Pan-American gatherings have been concerned with political, legal or scientific rather than financial or commercial questions. The propaganda for some years conducted by the Pan-American Union has painted in glowing colors the business opportunities to be found in Central and South America. The Departments of State and Commerce have done a valuable work in publishing the reports of consular and diplomatic officers and special investigators sent to study South and Central American conditions. This information has been widely distributed. The Monroe Doctrine, moreover, although its inception may not be generally understood or its responsibilities very clearly appreciated, has often been regarded as giving to American bankers, merchants and manufacturers some sort of a special lien on the opportunities of South American trade. The work of promotion has been well done. It is not surprising, therefore, that when all Europe rushed into war there should have been a wave of enthusiasm over the possibilities of extending American interests in Latin-America, and of furnishing the goods which Great Britain and Germany would no longer be able to export.

During recent years we have annually imported from South America goods to the value of from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000 in excess of our

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exports to that region. Our business with Buenos Aires, Santiago and Rio Janeiro, however, has been financed principally through sterling credits. The funds which we thus sent to London to meet our debts to South America were utilized either to pay interest due on South American borrowings in London, or to purchase manufactured goods in Great Britain or in Germany. This credit machinery was disorganized by the outbreak of the war. Moratoria were declared by Great Britain and by the various South American governments, and for a time it seemed that our problem was not that of capturing British and German commerce with Latin-America, but that of financing and thus retaining the trade which we already had. Our merchants and manufacturers interested in South American trade at once endeavored to develop a market for "dollar exchange," through which our exports might be increased to a point where they would approximately pay for our imports from Latin-America.

Fortunately when the crisis came the Federal Reserve act was in force. Under its provisions the National City Bank was encouraged to expedite the establishment of branches in the Argentine and in Brazil. Following the opening of the new Federal Reserve banks on November sixteenth last, regulations were issued governing the acceptance and rediscount of bills of exchange. As this financial mechanism has been developed, South American buyers have more and more turned to the United States for articles no longer obtainable in Europe, and American manufacturers who before found it difficult to secure a fair trial for their wares are now introducing them into these markets.

The South American republics at the present time, however, are much more interested in obtaining loans in this country than they are in purchasing our goods. To establish trade with Latin-America on a permanent basis, we must do as Great Britain has done; we must finance those whom we wish to secure as our regular customers. Commercial credits are arranged by bankers to facilitate the distribution of goods in the ordinary course of trade. They may be granted for three, six, nine months or even a year. But where the borrower requires a longer period in which to make repayment in full in order to utilize his funds in development work the enterprise must be financed not by borrowing from the banks or bankers, but by issuing stocks or bonds to be sold by the bankers to the investing public. European capital for some time to come will be unavailable for such purposes and if we ourselves can step into the breach, we may well hope to become most important factors in these markets.

Three Argentine loans have already been issued in New York. American packers have large establishments in Buenos Aires and Montevideo, and in Chile there is a very considerable American investment in copper and iron mines. We are the largest individual purchaser of Brazilian coffee, and our merchants dominate Central American trade. We still hear that South America distrusts our intentions, fearing that the United States may attempt to hide political aggression under the cloak of the Monroe Doctrine. Since we well know that in so far as we have a national policy it is opposed to rather than in favor of such extension of our responsibility overseas, this suspicion to us seems so unwarranted as to be fantastic. If our commercial relations had been more intimate our diplomacy might have been better understood. When our clipper ships were rounding Cape Horn we were in many ways more intimately associated with South America than we are to-day. At that time we were what after a period of incubation we have again become, a manufacturing and exporting nation. For the past fifty years we have been in much the same situation as our sister republics. We have been importers of capital and manufactured goods, and exporters of raw material. But our development has proceeded more rapidly than theirs, and we must now sell our manufactured goods abroad, and import raw products for our own consumption. We are increasingly prepared to invest in foreign securities. There is a splendid opportunity for the mutually profitable extension of our relations with Central and South America. The Pan-American Financial Conference is therefore timely and should be fruitful of results if it serves to show the concrete possibilities of greater intimacy. It may contribute greatly toward the creation of a Pan-Americanism that will be practical and really effective as distinct from the after-dinner variety.

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Organization of the Courts

THE lay press, no less than the annual reports of Bar Associations, attest that a democracy as well as a King John may delay justice. Of the law's delays several causes are curable, and therefore intolerable, if we have the vision to see the cost entailed in an inadequate administration of justice, and the will, the imagination and the patience to apply measures of correction. The time is now ripe and hopeful for these correctives, for the best thought of the profession is alive to the causes of dissatisfaction and in fair agreement as to means of meeting them. Some of the causes go very deep indeed into the whole question of American education; they involve not merely the professional training of the bar, but the method and scope of undergraduate education. The responsibility for this condition is by no means to be laid to lawyers. On the other hand, certain causes for delay are of a professional character which it is the duty of the legal profession itself to rectify. One of the chief of these causes is the lack of efficient organization of the courts—a condition peculiarly wasteful because the way out is clear on principle, and has been confirmed by the experience of enlightened communities.

The administration of justice is a business, a very technical and complex business, and proper organization is essential to its efficiency. Yet in most of our states there has been no effort to organize the courts. The judicial establishment is generally the survival, or casual extension, of a system well enough adapted to the needs of a pioneer or rural society, but ill-fitted to the demands of increasingly complex communities. New York State reflects this prevalent American type of an outworn judicial system. Therefore one of the most important matters before the New York Constitutional Convention is the revision of the Judiciary Article of the New York Constitution—in other words, the devising of a modern organization of the courts of that state.

Judicial organization in Colonial days and under the first Constitution of 1777 was simple and adequate to the needs of that time—suitable, that is, for a small and dominantly agricultural society, consisting of small communities sparsely settled and widely separated. As population grew and business increased, the judicial establishment became more complex. Courts were multiplied; but instead of being related and coordinated to form a single system they were made detached local courts and became increasingly decentralized. Jurisdictional rigidity impeded the administration of justice. A step toward unification was taken when the separate Court of Chancery was abolished and its jurisdiction transferred to the Supreme Court. Another step was taken when, by the Constitution of 1895, various autonomous inferior tribunals were abolished and their jurisdiction transferred to the Supreme Court. These reforms accomplished something, but not much.

The existing system of New York State consists of a Court of Appeals, a Supreme Court, an Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, County Courts and Surrogates' Courts. The Constitution further provides for Courts of Special Sessions, for justices of the peace, and the establishment by the legislature of civil and criminal courts with limited jurisdiction. There are other courts, not enumerated in the Constitution. This system works poorly because of defects in the structure itself, wholly apart from its personnel. The existing constitutional provisions rigidly create separate courts for the judicial business of the state, instead of allowing a flexible use of the different courts. There is also the waste of duplication that results from conferring on different courts jurisdiction over the same subject matter, though in different technical aspects of it. Thus the Surrogates' Courts have jurisdiction to deal with some questions relating to the estates of decedents, but, until a recent statute of doubtful constitutionality, they had no powers whatever that are conclusive as to land. Moreover, with many questions involving such estates they could not deal at all. The resulting cost of litigation is tragically, if dumbly, indicated in the twelve columns of fine print found in the New York Annotated Code, dealing with questions as to the disputed jurisdiction of the Surrogates' Courts. So too the jurisdiction of the present County Courts and of other courts wastefully overlaps that of the Supreme Court.

Such a system necessarily makes for failure in the administration of justice. Where the jurisdiction of courts is exclusive, a litigant is constantly in danger of having his case thrown out of the wrong court, with resulting loss of time and money to the parties, expense to the community, and encouragement of litigiousness. In many cases no court has jurisdiction to determine all the questions arising out of a single transaction, so that one human controversy must be split up into several costly lawsuits in several courts. No less crude is the maintenance of separate courts with overlapping jurisdiction. Judicial power is wast-

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ed when the judges of one court which is not pressed with business are unable to sit in another court which may be overwhelmed with business. This involves delay which frequently means a denial of justice to the parties, and is invariably a useless drain on the state's treasury.

Analysis applied thus to the situation and its evils reveals the corrective program. The state's judicial machinery should be state-wide in its power and availability. This calls for a judicial system which is at once unified and flexible. The entire judicial power of the state should be vested in a Supreme Court—a single court with several branches:

(1) A branch for petty cases.

(2) A superior tribunal with jurisdiction over the more important cases. This tribunal should have several divisions, and to each should be ascribed primarily a special class of work; for instance, to one, criminal proceedings; to another, actions at law; to another, equity suits; to another, domestic relations cases. The number and character of these subdivisions are to be determined entirely by practical considerations. Therefore they should not be fixed by the constitution, but should be left to the legislature or the courts, to be fixed from time to time as circumstances show need. Actions should be transferable from one division to another at any stage, but each division should have power to dispose of an entire controversy finally and completely.

In the existing system there is a sharp line of separation between trial courts and appellate tribunals. This is a most productive source of leakages in the present organization. If trial and appellate tribunals are parts of a single court, appellate procedure gains simplicity and expedition and loses costliness. In a populous state like New York, however, it is impossible to have a single appellate department review all appeals. If the appellate court has several departments, the review of one department is all that the parties are entitled to. But such separate appellate departments will necessarily disclose differences of opinion on similar questions, and in view of the interest of the community in uniformity of law there must be one body which can decide with final authority. Therefore:

(3) One branch of the Supreme Court should deal with intermediate appeals, such branch to be composed of as many departments as may be necessary to dispose of all appeals.

(4) The crown of the system should be a branch of final appeal. Its work should be restricted entirely to questions of law; but the cases in which such jurisdiction should be exercised should be left to statute, subject to future change and not fixed by rigid constitutional boundaries.

Effective administration depends on the right use of men no less than on a sound scheme of administration. Specialization in the various branches of the law is to-day largely unavoidable. With this in mind each judge should be assignable to a particular branch or division of the court, but there should be flexibility to utilize to the fullest the judicial officers of the state. It should be possible for one judge of the court to sit in any branch or division or in any place. Under the present New York Constitution such power exists to a limited extent, and its exercise is lodged with the Governor. This is a step in the right direction. There should be a further step. The power to designate judges for service throughout the state should, we believe, be conferred on the chief judge of the court of final appeal. Unless reasonable expectations are defeated, the new constitution will confer upon the Governor new powers. His present powers are easily sufficient to absorb the energies of the ablest executive. He can have no time to devote to the judicial business of the state. A member of the court alone can be familiar with its needs. Knowledge, power, and responsibility should go together, and the chief judge of the state should be the recognized head of the whole judicial establishment, responsible for its efficient administration.

The scheme here outlined has behind it weighty experience. In England, since the Judicature Act of 1873, the entire judicial system (with the exception of the House of Lords and the County Courts, retained as separate tribunals for historical reasons) articulates as a unit. Likewise the unification of the judicial establishments has been accomplished in most of the English self-governing colonies. In this country the Municipal Court of Chicago is a model of judicial organization. Its history is at once an indictment of most existing judicial systems and a convincing hope for betterment. The court has established many branches, such as a branch of domestic relations, a morals branch, a small causes branch, and law is administered with dispatch and effectiveness. Cleveland has followed suit. Not the least important feature of the English Court and the Municipal Courts of Chicago and Cleveland is the maintenance of a careful system of statistics, which, properly interpreted, enables the courts to take account of their own work, and the public to determine just how serviceably the judiciary is discharging its great social function. We are also following sound experience in making available the services of all the judges for the transaction of any part of the business of the court. Such power exists in England. Likewise the power to designate the lower

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Federal judges to sit in any part of the Federal jurisdiction other than the Supreme Court is fruitfully vested in the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Throughout the country there is a forward movement in the direction we have outlined. New York has now the opportunity to lead in it. The needs of the most influential state of the Union demand that she shall assume this leadership.

AUSTIN W. SCOTT,
FELIX FRANKFURTER,
ROSCOE POUND.

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R. P.

Fergus—a Portrait

MY friend Fergus has all the characteristics of genius except the divine fire. The guardian angel who presided at his birth and set in order all his delicate appreciations just forgot to start flowing the creative current. Fergus was born to suffer the pangs of artistic desire without the gushing energy that would have moulded artistic form. It was perhaps difficult enough to produce him as it was. There is much that is clearly impossible about him. His father is a bluff old Irish newspaper compositor, with the obstinately genial air of a man who cannot believe that life will not some day do something for him. His mother is a French-Canadian, jolly and stout, who plays old Irish and French melodies on the harp, and mothers the young Catholic girls of the crowded city neighborhood in which they live. She has the slightly surprised background of never realized prosperity. Fergus is an only child, and moves in the dark little flat, with its green plush furniture, its prints of the Great Commoner and Lake Killarney, its Bible texts of the Holy Name, with the detached condescension of an exiled prince. He is very dark and finely formed, of the type that would be taken for a Spaniard in France and an Italian in Spain, and his manners have the distinction of the born aristocrat.

The influences of that close little Catholic society in which he was brought up he has shed as a duck sheds water. His mother wished him to be a Jesuit. The quickness of his mind, the refinement and hauteur of his manner, intoxicated her with the assurance of his priestly future. His father, however, inclined towards the insurance

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business. Fergus himself viewed his future with cold disinterestedness. When I first met him he had just emerged from a year of violin study at a music school. The violin had been an escape from the twin horrors that had menaced him. On his parents' anxiety that he "make something of himself" he looked with some disdain. He did, however, feel to a certain extent their chagrin at finding so curious and aristocratic a person in their family, and he allowed himself, with a fine stoicism as of an exiled prince supporting himself until the revolution was crushed and he was reinstated in his possessions, to be buried in an insurance broker's office. At this time he spent his evenings in the dim vaulted reading-room of a public library composing music, or in wandering in the park with his friends, discussing philosophy. His little music notebook and Gomperz's "Greek Thinkers" were rarely out of his hand.

Harmony and counterpoint had not appealed to him at the Conservatory, but now the themes that raced and rocketed through his head compelled him to composition. The bloodless scherzos and allegros which he produced and tried to play for me on his rickety piano had so archaic a flavor as to suggest that Fergus was inventing anew the art of music, somewhat as our childhood is supposed to pass through all the stages of the evolution of the race. As he did not seem to pass beyond a pre-Bachian stage, he began to feel at length, he told me, that there was something lacking in his style. But he was afraid that routine study would dull his inspiration. It was time that he needed, and not instruction. And time was slipping so quickly away. He was twenty-two, and he could not grasp or control it.

When summer was near he came to me with an idea. His office work was insupportable. Even accepting that one dropped eight of the best hours of one's every day into a black and bottomless pit in exchange for the privilege of remaining alive, such a life was almost worse than none. I had friends who were struggling with a large country farm. He wished to offer them his services as farmhand on half-time in exchange for simple board and lodging. Working in the morning, he would have all the rest of his pastoral day for writing music.

Before I could communicate to him my friends' reluctance to this proposal, he told me that his musical inspiration had entirely left him. He was now spending all his spare time in the Art Museum, discovering tastes and delights that he had not known were in him. Why had not some one told him of the joy of sitting and reading Plato in those glowing rooms? The Museum was more significant when I walked in it with Fergus. His gracious bearing almost seemed to please the pictures themselves. He walked as a princely connoisseur through his own historic galleries.

When I saw Fergus next, however, a physical depression had fallen upon him. He had gone into a vegetarian diet and was enfeebling himself with Spartan fare. He was disturbed by loneliness, the erotic world gnawed persistently at him, and all the Muses seemed to have left him. But in his gloominess, in the fine discrimination with which he analyzed his helplessness, in the noble despair with which he faced an insoluble world, he was more aristocratic than ever. He was not like one who had never attained genius, fame, voluptuous passion, riches, he was rather as one who had been bereft of all these things.

Returning last autumn from a year abroad, during which I had not heard a word of Fergus, I found he had turned himself into a professional violin-teacher. The insurance job had passed out, and for a few weeks he had supported himself by playing the organ in a small Catholic church. There was jugglery with his salary, however, and it annoyed him to be so intimate a figure in a ritual to which he could only refer in irony. Priests whose "will to power" background he analyzed to me with Nietzschean fidelity, always repelled him.

He was saved from falling back on the industrious parents who had so strangely borne him, by an offer to play the harmonium in the orchestra of a fashionable restaurant. To this opportunity of making eighteen dollars a week he had evidently gone with a new and pleasurable sense of the power of wealth. It was easy, he said, but the heat and the lights, the food and the long evening hours fairly nauseated him, and he gave the work up.

All this time, I gathered, his parents had been restive over a certain economic waste. They seemed to feel that his expensive musical education should be capitalized more firmly and more profitably. His mother had even deplored his lack of ambition. She had explored and had discovered that one made much money as a "vaudeville act." He had obtained a trial at an Upper Bronx moving-picture vaudeville theatre. Fergus told me that the nervous girl who had gone on the stage before him had been cut short in the middle of her "Fox-Trot Lullaby," or whatever her song was, by hostile yells from the audience. Fergus himself went on in rather a depressed mood, and hardly did himself justice. He played the Bach air, and a short movement from Brahms. He did not, however, get that *rapport* with his audience which he felt the successful vaudeville artist should feel. They had not yelled at him, but they had refused to applaud, and the circuit manager had declined to engage him.

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After this experience it occurred to Fergus that he liked to teach, and that his training had made him a professional musician. His personality, he felt, was not unfavorable. By beginning modestly he saw no reason why he should not build up a clientele and an honorable competence. When I saw him a week later at the Music Settlement, he told me that there was no longer any doubt that he had found his lifework. His fees are very small and his pupils are exacting. He has practiced much besides. He told me the other day that teaching was uninspiring drudgery. He had decided to give it up, and compose songs.

Whenever I see Fergus I have a slight quickening of the sense of life. His rich and rather sombre personality makes all ordinary backgrounds tawdry. He knows so exactly what he is doing and what he is feeling. I do not think he reads very much, but he breathes in from the air around him certain large aesthetic and philosophical ideas. There are many philosophies and many artists, however, that he has never heard of, and this ignorance of the concrete gives one a fine pleasure of impressing him. One can pour into receptive ears judgments and enthusiasms that have long ago been taken for granted by one's more sophisticated friends. His taste in art as in music is impeccable, and veers strongly to the classics—Rembrandt and the Greeks, as Bach and Beethoven.

Fergus has been in love, but he does not talk much about it. A girl in his words is somewhat dark and inscrutable. She always has something haunting and finely-toned about her, whoever she may be. I always think of the clothed lady in the flowing silks, in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love." Yet withal Fergus gives her a touch of the allurement of her nude companion. His reserve, I think, always keeps these persons very dusky and distant. His chastity is a result of his fineness of taste rather than of feeble desire or conscious control. That impersonal passion which descends on people like Fergus in a sultry cloud, he tells me he contrives to work off into his violin. I sometimes wonder if a little more of it with a better violin would have made him an artist.

But destiny has just clipped his wings so that he must live a life of noble leisure instead of artistic creation. His unconscious interest is the art of life. Against a background of Harlem flats and stodgy bourgeois prejudices he works out this life of *otium cum dignitate,* calm speculation and artistic appreciation that Nietzsche glorifies. On any code that would judge him by the seven dollars a week which is perhaps his average income he looks with cold disdain. He does not demand that the world give him a living. He did not ask to come into it, but being here he will take it with candor. Sometimes I think he is very patient with life. Probably he is not happy. This is not important. As his candor and his appreciations refresh me, I wonder if the next best thing to producing works of art is not to be, like Fergus, a work of art one's self.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

The Indomitable Individual

MAN is a social rather than a political animal; he can exist without a government. If cast upon a favored region when not too young, he can even exist without society; and poets, hermits, and ancient philosophers have sometimes made the attempt. This latent impulse to isolation, this possible ideal of living alone with God, with nature, or with thought, should not be passed over lightly if we wish to view political institutions from their foundations and to judge them by ultimate standards. The individual is the only seat and focus of social forces. If society and government are to be justified at all, they must be justified in his eyes and by his instincts.

Man is constrained to be more or less social by his mode of propagation, but this constraint, so to speak, is peripheral; the core of his being has a closed, private, indomitable life. Every man has a soul of his own. The social instincts seated in the human heart differ indefinitely from individual to individual and may be atrophied altogether. Not, of course, without danger. The great length of human childhood and the risks of a solitary life in the wilderness render society compulsory for the race, and the instinct and emotional need for society are accordingly more or less ingrained in every human being and can be denied only in wilful moods and at the cost of much anguish and moral derangement.

Human helplessness, be it observed, is what enforces these concessions of the individual to society and implants the instinct that finds pleasure in making them. Being singularly vulnerable and unarmed, primeval man could never have survived but for two expedients to which he had recourse, one, social organization and the other intelligence. Social organization secured his defence and sustenance, however precariously, by means of a di-

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vision of labor and delegation of functions; intelligence tended to secure the same things by correcting the illusions of sense and imagination and enabling each man to adjust his action widely and from afar to the world as it really is.

Social organization and intelligence have been so much developed that many philosophers have taken now the one, now the other, to be the specific essence of man, and have measured his worth by the degree to which he has perfected them. Yet considered genetically and in their natural status, intelligence and social organization are only expedients, growths grafted upon the helplessness of infant man, which have managed to preserve him by supplying him with rather awkward weapons. The accretions may of course be regarded as more valuable than the core—that is a matter for personal appreciation; but, esteemed or despised, the core still survives, and is what vivifies the organs it has acquired. Sometimes this vital nucleus reasserts itself. Life in society is a sort of secondary or regenerate life that has to struggle with the old Adam; and this old Adam, like all animal and primitive forces, denies that he is justly subordinated, and on the contrary feels deeply that his is the brave, the pure, the free ideal, and that in trampling upon him circumstances and conventions are smothering a soul: a feeling that here and there breaks out into mystic and passionate rebellions.

We all know how hotly romantic sentiment and recent philosophy have rebelled against intelligence. Sometimes the revolt has tried to justify itself on the mistaken ground that intelligence cannot report the truth, whereas to report the truth is precisely what intelligence is good for, being simply a capacity to see things as they are. Yet a solid ground is not lacking for disliking both intelligence and that knowledge of the truth which it can supply. They are painful excursions, at least initially, from the dark warmth of animal living, extensions imposed upon it from outside by its weakness. Individual animal life is something deeper and of a different texture. It vibrates and expands in vegetative musical ways which intelligence and knowledge of the truth can never guide and may often embarrass. Similarly, but even more vehemently, social institutions arouse impatience in the individual soul. They too at bottom are only expedients in its weakness. Those who fancy they are strong, or even that the life in them is omnipotent, naturally wish to cast them off.

It is interesting to observe that in the midst of the social enthusiasms that have swept and confused the modern world, the most striking of recent thinkers, Nietzsche, should have been a romantic individualist, fascinated by a fanciful creation which he called the Superman and assigned to the future, but which was rather the voice of atavistic instincts which society had long suppressed—primordial impulses to be a dancing Maenad or a bird of prey. The romantic young male feels free and masterful. His social origins and duties seem fetters to him and tedious vanities. Even love and fatherhood may look at times like assaults and snares of the enemy and avowals (as indeed they are) of his natural mortality; and one of the assumptions of the pre-intelligent and pre-social soul is that it is immortal. No deeper inward voice can rebuke this attitude in one who assumes it honestly, by a genuine withdrawal into his animal self. Custom, religion, morality, reason, and language become compulsory only if every one born without the inclination to conform to them is immediately destroyed, either by his own helplessness or by the intolerance of his neighbors. Social institutions must always remain questionable and oppressive in varying degrees, because they are not innate in the human race but are imposed upon us by circumstances.

Thus loyalty to family or clan or monarch, patriotism and religious faith, however intense and rapturous they may be at times, have an insecure tenure in human nature. The zealot or doctrinaire who for this reason turns upon human nature and calls it sinful, foolish, or corrupt may be right metaphysically, although I am not sure that even he has great lights on that subject; but his conviction that he is metaphysically right should give him no assurance that he can force his particular system upon humanity. He may pile controversial proofs, like the Socrates of Plato's dialogues; he may organize a dogmatic education, like the Catholic Church or the Prussian state; he may devise inexorable laws, like the Pentateuch and the Koran, or like the Medes and Persians. Unteachable aliens will still surround and resist him. His own children will whisper incessant heresies; his own soul will trouble him with doubts or with treacherous extensions of orthodoxy. Nothing he can do will prevent the ground from crumbling under his feet and the world from moving on to some novel convention.

For, after all, the individual on whom everything must impinge, in whose soul everything must work, is a living being: he is short-lived and wayward, having in each generation a fresh admixture of blood and a somewhat new private complexion. Even the traditional system imposed upon him changes its spirit with time. Every new definition of dogma, every fresh preservative regulation, slightly alters the tone and the practical issue of the whole. Therefore those who frame political or religious or aesthetic systems ought not to ex-

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pect that they should be long carried out or widely accepted in the spirit in which their authors conceived them. They must reckon with their host, with the unaccountable, ever young, irrepressible individual. His name is legion, his imagination and his instincts are subject to spontaneous variations, and while he will doubtless always remain sensitive to panic influences, to social attraction, and to tribal enthusiasm, these subtle contagions will never be quite the same. Society exists by a conspiracy of psychological, physiological forces; however rigid you may make its machinery, its breath of life must come from the willing connivance of a myriad fleeting, inconstant, half rational human souls.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

As a Soldier Thinks of War

THE winter's trials are about over. Already the larks are singing in the dawn that every week seems earlier, and whenever the cloud-banks roll away there is real warmth in the sunshine. The season of good weather that will bring great events and precipitate the action which all winter has been more or less in suspense will at the same time make the business of fighting harder to those of us in whom spring will wake other thoughts and other impulses. For war seemed perfectly proper when the fields were sere and nature abounded in images of death. But the bursting shells that hitherto have only sent the crows clamoring out of the bare forests will seem a strange anomaly when they scatter the cherry blossoms that will soon cloud the hillsides here where our trenches run.

They are the young soldier's worst enemy, these moments when the greatness of his renunciation is brought home to him by a song, a perfume, a memory:

> "J'aimerai toujours le temps des cerises,
> Et le souvenir que j'en garde au coeur."

It is when someone near the campfire begins to sing as only a Latin can—the feeling that wells so naturally from his heart touching in his listeners the spring of all that is fondest in memory and desire; it is in the long nights at the outposts when the grim irony comes over him that he should be there praying for the dawn where once it was *Lente, lente, currite noctis equi*—it is then that Youth in its tragic brevity and beauty slips by, and the sense of its vanishing opportunities for happiness plagues his heart with a poignancy of regret that at times becomes almost intolerable.

When he feels this way, the best remedy is to look a moment on the other side of the picture. Let him fancy himself liberated, lounging on the Riviera, or sipping his liqueur along the boulevards. Let him picture himself for a moment in the Venusberg of his dreams. Would he really be content? Would he not soon sing the same song as the minstrel knight? The vision would rise before him of young men who had been his companions in many a happy night in the Latin Quarter or Montmartre. Spurred less by the thought of any military ostentation or glory than that another generation might live free of the menace that had hung over their lives, quietly, uncomplainingly, they had marched forth. Who that had shared their hours of rejoicing could feel now in their hour of trial that, other things being equal, his place was not all the more at their side, that the burden that unsought had been laid on their shoulders should not rightfully be his too? No one of any imagination; no one of any conscience.

I have talked with so many of the young volunteers here. Their case is little known, even by the French, yet altogether interesting and appealing. They are foreigners on whom the outbreak of war laid no formal compulsion. But they had stood on the *butte* in springtime perhaps, as Julian and Louise stood, and looked out over the myriad twinkling lights of the beautiful city. Paris—mystic, maternal, personified, to whom they owed the happiest moments of their lives—Paris was in peril. Were they not under a moral obligation, no less binding than their comrades were bound legally, to put their breasts between her and destruction? Without renouncing their nationality they had yet chosen to make their homes here beyond any other city in the world. Did not the benefits and blessings they had received point them a duty that heart and conscience could not deny?

"Why did you enlist?" In every case the answer was the same. That memorable day in August came. Suddenly the old haunts were desolate, the boon companions had gone. It was unthinkable to leave the danger to them and accept only the pleasures oneself, to go on enjoying the sweet things of life in defence of which they were perhaps even then shedding their blood in the north. Some day they would return, and with honor—not all, but some. The old order of things would have irrevocably vanished. There would be a new comradeship whose bond would be the common danger run, the common sufferings borne, the

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common glory shared. "And where have you been all the time, and what have you been doing?" The very question would be a reproach, though none were intended. How could they endure it?

Face to face with a situation like that a man becomes reconciled, justifies easily the part he is playing, and comes to understand, in a universe where logic counts for so little and sentiment and the impulses of the heart for so much, the inevitableness and naturalness of war. Suddenly the world is up in arms. All mankind takes sides. The same faith that made him surrender himself to the impulses of normal living and of love forces him now to make himself the instrument through which a greater force works out its inscrutable ends through the impulses of terror and repulsion. And with no less a sense of moving in harmony with a universe where masses are in continual conflict and new combinations are engendered out of eternal collisions, he shoulders arms and marches forth with haste.

If no more serious argument can be brought against war than those inconveniences and sacrifices resulting to a man from his break with merely comfortable living, I confess I cannot see the contention of the pacifist, nor am I able to understand how war can be any more reasonably objected to than parturition, for example. That, too, is painful; only, being a phenomenon of common occurrence and one to which no alternative has ever been imagined even by the visionary, its inevitableness is universally accepted. It would be well if war were equally so—the supreme demand that nature makes upon the male, as the other is the supreme demand made upon the female. Wars are the birthpangs of new eras. And he who, ready to assume the burden and share the anguish, makes himself the instrument through which this vast power operates, is playing the largest part a man can play. Though he perish while the sweetness of youth is still in him and his capacities for earthly happiness are still unexhausted, I imagine that he does so with infinitely more assurance than any hypothetical reward of a supernatural religion can afford its votary. For his comfort is the sense of his life's blood flowing close to the heart of that cosmic entity of which he feels himself a fraction, and in whose movements it is his measure of his life's success to play the most essential, the most intimate part.

This view of war in its sublimity is one that will not easily occur to the distant spectator. It takes long nights at the outposts, nights such as the last we have been spending half way up the hillside to the enemy's trenches, when the cannon thundered all along the line down toward Rheims, and, mounting toward the meteors that fell out of the morning skies, the slow-curving rockets marked the course of the battlefront across the vast, misty lowlands and into the starlit distances. Not the sense of the bestiality and inutility of it all, but rather of its entire harmoniousness in a universe properly understood is the emotion that possesses the spectator of such a scene. The easy-going pacifist will continue to talk of the horrors of militarism and the clock of civilization being set back a hundred years. This is because he is unable to conceive of evolution except as an orderly progress toward the realization of some arbitrary ideal based upon considerations of individual human wellbeing. The philosophic mind, on the other hand, does not think of evolution in terms of anything so relative as the principles of human morality at all, but rather as an increasing complexity of phenomena—of the possibilities for happiness as well as of all else—a process which works out through destructive influences quite as much as through inventive and creative.

In B—— the other day I watched the children playing in the streets, for, reassured by the long deadlock on this part of the front, many families have returned to the little towns here within the very zone of artillery fire, living in the caves of their houses, where they run to shelter whenever the "marmites" begin to tumble about their roofs or the sudden buzzing of an aeroplane is heard overhead. They were playing soldier, which is natural enough for children in any part of the world, only their games had a little touch of realism that was amusing, for they were imitating with their childish voices the whistling of the shells that even to them has become a sound so familiar as to cause no emotion. It was a little thing, but it made me think of the opening paragraph of de Musset's "Confessions," where he attributes so much of the character of his genius to the spirit of that age in which he was born. And I had visions of distant compensations when the generation that is growing up under the stress of this present cataclysm is ripe to bear its spiritual fruits.

Sometimes through the doors of our dugouts here on the firing line a batch of American papers and periodicals is handed in with the mail that under the most abnormal conditions is delivered with laudable regularity. It is amusing to read these distant commentaries on the war, here where the postman that brings them to us has to crouch to shelter himself from the enemy's fire. In them are arranged all the errors of the anti-militarists which such a juxtaposition renders all the more transparent—the exaggerated notion of the importance of human life, the inability to understand international relations as being conducted upon any other basis than that which subsists

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between individuals. Especially there is the tendency to forget that peace in America is accidentally due to the very condition which Germany is trying to produce in Europe—that is, an hegemony of one people so powerful that no neighbor is able to contest it—and to attribute it to some quality of superiority in American civilization which thereby gives us the right to evangelize to the older nations. Let America beware of the hour when her long isolation from the currents of world politics shall be at an end, when, her most vital interests suddenly brought into conflict with those of a powerful rival, she must play her part among nations that have not had the leisure to dwell much upon prospects of what is most comfortable and agreeable to humanity, but having from time immemorial been forced to accept the grim inevitableness of the ultimate resort to armed force, have from time immemorial taken their precautions to meet it. Let her beware of that hour lest the alternative to war be not peace but dishonor. For that hour will certainly come.

I for my part find more beautiful the vistas that unfold through the windows of common everyday reality than through the portals of any premature Palace of Peace. The games of the children in the streets of B—— arouse speculations more interesting to me than those of the pacifist visionary. In so far as civilization means complexity in all the devices for material comfort and convenience, America can claim first place. But it seems to me that Europe will continue for some time yet to sing the world's great songs and make the world's great poems. For she has vibrated to all ranges of emotion. She has known great élans, and from the pinnacles of enthusiasm visions will have been revealed to her more wonderful than have ever yet been dreamed of. She has suffered greatly, and her heart has been tried with that kind of affliction that alone can unfold the profundities of the human spirit.

ALAN SEEGER.

Sur L'Aisne, France.

Emerson's Solitude

IT is in the nature of genius not to be companionable. There was a broad application to what Emerson said of Bronson Alcott: "The people with whom he talks do not understand him. They interrupt him with clamorous dissent, or what they think verbal endorsement of what they fancy he may have been saying . . . They do not know that all they have in their baby brains is spotty and incoherent; . . . that all he sees and says is like astronomy." Emerson himself was intimate with none, and at ease with only two or three old friends. Attempts at communion with Hawthorne, a genius of another orbit, were utterly futile. They spoke out of different heavens, and their voices were lost in the vast reaches between. There was no great loss in this. No one need grieve at the remoteness of Mars from Saturn; but it would be pathetic if in the music of spheres Saturn were out of harmony with his own moons; and this was the unhappy fact with Emerson.

To the familiar daily events of his family life his journals give relatively little space. Yet now and again for a moment they draw back the curtain far enough to give a fireside glimpse. Late in 1836 he recorded the birth of Waldo. The entry was much more full than the one line on the event of his marriage. Yet as a newly endowed father he analyzed his delight in an oddly remote way: "The truth seems to be that every child is infinitely beautiful, but the father alone by position and by duty is led to look near enough to see." He did acknowledge to himself that the child with "its tiny beseeching weakness," and the "mother, who is a sort of high reposing Providence toward it . . . make a perfect group."

The father who uses the neuter pronoun to designate his first-born has still something to learn, and Emerson learned it, as future entries show. When the boy was two months old we find this:

"January 8. Can you not show the man of genius that always genius is situated in the world as it is with him?" A promising start on his morning's adumbrations. But then in Mrs. Emerson's handwriting there followed: "Lidian Emerson, Waldo Emerson, R. Waldo Emerson," and after it: "I have come no farther in my query than this, when mine Asia came in and wrote her name, her son's, and her husband's to warm his cold page." Yet though he stated it so, what really was warmed was the cold husband, for on that day he wrote no more. By April he was mellowed so far as to enjoy the baby even though "he catches cold and wheezes and grieves." With May the conquest of the grave father was completed when he wrote of a visit from a cousin infant: "Two babies, Willie and Wallie, and excellent cousins they prove. Willie, conscious of seniority in all the dignity of twenty-two months: Wallie, six and a fortnight, anything but indifferent to his handsome cousin, whom he regards as a capital plaything, and his hair is divine to pull. So says Wallie's mamma, and moreover that he accounts her a porridge-pot and pap a prime horse."

As his infatuation grew he felt a little self-conscious and squared himself with his own masculinity by putting it off on the mother. So he prefaced his entries with "Lidian says." "Lidian says," for example, "if he should flap his little

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wings and fly straight up to heaven, he would not find there anything purer than himself. He coos like a pigeon house." Presumably the author of "The American Scholar" believed this or he would not have set it down. Yet it was Lidian who said it.

From the day when Waldo began to speak, his little sayings, profoundly poetic as children's sayings will ever be, were recorded from time to time by this father who was wise enough to appreciate them. But suddenly in the winter of 1842 came stabbing into the Journal: "Yesterday night, at fifteen minutes after eight, my little Waldo ended his life. . . . What he looked upon is better; what he looked not upon is insignificant. The morning of Friday, I woke at three o'clock, and every cock in every barnyard was shrilling with the most incessant noise. The sun went up the morning sky with all his light, but the landscape was dishonored by this loss. For this boy, in whose remembrance I have both slept and awaked so oft, decorated for me the morning star, the evening cloud, how much more all the particulars of daily economy. . . . For everybody he had his own name and way of thinking, his own pronunciation and manner. And every word came mended from that tongue. A boy of early wisdom, of a grave and even majestic deportment, of a perfect gentleness.

"Every tramper that ever tramped is abroad, but the little feet are still.

"He gave up his little, innocent breath like a bird."

This little Waldo seems to have been almost the only being with whom he was on terms of easy intimacy. It is a question whether if the child had survived to youth and manhood he could have continued to enjoy him face to face and not as through a glass darkly. It is certain that up to and past the prime of life he was conscious of isolation even from those who were nearest to him. He was deeply grateful for all the treasures of love that were poured out upon him, and sure beyond all question of his own inner response; yet he was always conscious of his failure to show what was in his heart. The thought tormented him as he recalled Ellen and Charles and Edward who were gone. "Why," he asked, "was not I made like all these beautified mates of mine, superficially generous and noble, as well as *internally* so? They never needed to shrink at any remembrance:—and I at so many sad passages that look to me now as if I have been blind and mad." Unhappily, too, he could only feel the force of this past uncommunicativeness without being able to give it over. "How can I hope," he admits, "for a friend to me, who have never been one?" In his own home he was still as one apart.

He confessed the truth of Margaret Fuller's observation that the best of him was in his lectures, and the justice of some one's else remark that he "always seemed to be on stilts." "It is even so; most of the persons whom I see in my own house I see across a gulf. I can not go to them, nor they come to me. Nothing can exceed the frigidity and labor of my speech with such. You might turn a yoke of oxen between every pair of words; and the behavior is as awkward and proud. I see the ludicrousness of the plight as well as they. But, never having found any remedy, I am very patient with this folly or shame . . . this porcupine impossibility of contact with men . . . I make rockets; must I therefore be a good senator?"

The discomfort he suffered with the members of his own family was multiplied when he was entertaining invited guests. Margaret Fuller was a special source of painful pleasure. She was an imperious gentlewoman who had been in the habit from girlhood of establishing friendships on her own terms—rather magnificently. She was a sort of spring flood, sweeping down between low banks and enveloping the adjacent fields. Even the Hudson, though usually well controlled, occasionally behaves so in the upper reaches. But unfortunately for the metaphor, and for Miss Fuller, Emerson played the role of the Palisades, so that as she surged onward toward the sea, she was annoyed to be impotently lapping at his base. When she reproached him for being so crag-like and mountainous, he replied with all humility that God had made him so.

His repeated entries show that for the most part she was a being altogether to delight in until she showed her hunger for something more flexible than "his flinty way." Then, all patience, he could only reply that "Ice has its uses, when deception is not thought of and we are not looking for bread." I read a little sigh of relief into each of the repeated entries: "Margaret Fuller left us yesterday."

His ideas of hospitality were full of self-defense. When it came to unbidden guests, "relatives of all degrees of cousindom, and family acquaintances who, like cats, frequent the place"—Emerson sighed at thought of these. The hero, he knew, would entertain them in courtly wise, the saint would austerely refuse to feed and amuse "butterflies and beetles"; but he, because he was not hero enough to be a saint, compromised weakly: "Give cakes and lemons to those who come for such, and give them nothing else, and account yourself cheaply let off."

Ill at ease with the worthy bidden guest and with his remoter kinfolk, he was still worse off with the pilgrims whom he wished he might escape

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—"hobgoblins of flesh and blood" Hawthorne called them. He must have agreed with Oliver Wendell Holmes that to be bored was among the most exhausting of human experiences; but he had no such power as Holmes's to seize upon a situation and redeem it by capturing the floor for himself. Holmes could dominate any group whether as autocrat of the breakfast table, or spokesman at the Saturday Club luncheons, or toastmaster at the Atlantic dinners. But Emerson, who did not need to hold his own among his peers, could not cope with his inferiors. They not only wore him out; they humiliated him.

"I suppose there was seldom a person of my age and advantages whom so little people could put down and overcrowd. The least people do most entirely demolish me. I always find some quarter, and some orts of respect from the medi-ocre. But a snipper-snapper eats me whole." Thus he began to see that this sort of complaisance was actually draining him; that he had just so much vital energy to spend each day: and he finally decided that he "could not stand the dissipation of a flowing and friendly life; I should die of consumption in three months." "But now (grown circumspect and disobliging beyond the example of misers) I husband all my strength in this bachelor life I lead: no doubt I shall be a well preserved old gentleman."

It should not be inferred from all this that Emerson could not talk graciously with casual acquaintances. He could be as gracious as any sunlit mountain-top. But like the mountain-top he seemed much nearer than he was, for in fact he was remote and alone.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

A COMMUNICATION

The Harbinger of War

SIR: Now, while the peace movement is suspended by stress of circumstances, the Carnegie Peace Foundation might find useful employment in promoting an investigation of the curious association between peace movements and war cycles, which has been so regular as to seem like a law of history. Attempts to abolish war and to substitute some judicial means of settling national differences have been made from time to time in European history, and the usual sequel has been an era of war. Time and again, just when statesmen regarded the outlook as most serene, a dangerous emergency was revealed. Whether or not there is any causal relation does not appear, but the sequence is plainly manifest.

There are records of systematic peace movements as far back as the eleventh century, but these were ecclesiastical in their origin and management. The first peace movement resembling that of our own times took place at the opening of the seventeenth century, during the reign of Henry IV of France. The plan was to bring the states of Europe into an agreement to disarm and keep the peace. The king's object, wrote his minister, Sully, was:

> To persuade all his neighbors that his only object was to spare himself and them those immense sums which it cost them to maintain so many thousands of fighting men, so many fortified places, and other military expenses; to deliver them forever from the fear of bloody catastrophes, so common in Europe; to secure for them an unalterable repose, so that all princes might henceforth live together like brothers.

A few years thereafter there was a general outbreak of European war involving in its course England, France, Spain, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Russia, various states of Italy and all Germany.

Peace plans were a prominent feature of the humanitarian movement of the closing period of the eighteenth century. Diderot's great *Encyclopédie* contained an article on Peace that gave eloquent expression to the feeling against war. The French constitution adopted in September, 1791, declared that "the French nation renounces the undertaking of any war with a view to making conquests, and will never employ its forces against the liberty of any people." In February, 1792, Pitt informed the British House of Commons that "unquestionably there never was a time in the history of this country, when, from the situation in Europe, we might more reasonably expect fifteen years of peace than at the present moment." In that belief he moved to reduce the naval estimates. Next year began the series of wars introduced by the French Revolution.

At the close of the Napoleonic wars the most systematic and persevering effort that history records was made to safeguard peace by international action. Czar Alexander of Russia, whose sincere interest in the movement was abundantly manifested, described its purpose in language that could hardly be bettered as a statement of the present aims of the peace movement. In 1804, in proposing to the English government the formation of an international court, he said:

> Why could we not submit to it the positive rights of nations, assure the privilege of neutrality, insert the obligation of never beginning war until all the resources which the mediation of a third party could offer have been exhausted, until the grievances have by this means been brought to light, and an effort to remove them has been made? On principles such as these, one could proceed to a general pacification, and give birth to a league of which the stipulations would form, so to speak, a new code of the law of nations, while those who should try to infringe it would risk bringing upon themselves the forces of the new Union.

An attempt to put the scheme into effect was made at

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the Congress of Vienna in 1814. Russia, Austria, Prussia and France entered into the treaty of the Holy Alliance, so called because those powers engaged themselves "to take for the sole rule of their conduct the precepts of Christianity." The Holy Alliance is now chiefly remembered by the fact that its activities toward the restoration of peace between Spain and her revolted American colonies called forth the Monroe Doctrine.

The English free trade movement led by Richard Cobden in the middle of the nineteenth century expected to accomplish the suppression of war through economic interest. Anticipating the line of argument now employed by Norman Angell, Cobden proposed to "stop the cutting of throats by cutting the sinews of war." The great Crystal Palace exhibition in London in 1854 was conceived as a symbol of the new era of free trade and peace among nations. Before it opened its doors, the Crimean war broke out.

In 1870, schemes for disarmament were again active. On June thirtieth Ollivier, prime minister of France, declared that "on whichever side we look there is an absence of troublesome questions; at no moment has the maintenance of the peace of Europe been better assured." At that time Lord Granville was foreign secretary of England. He has since related that when he took office, he was assured by Mr. Hammond, the permanent secretary of the Foreign Office, that "he had never during his long experience known so great a lull in foreign affairs, and that he was not aware of any important question that I should have to deal with." In less than two months thereafter the battle of Sedan had been fought, Louis Napoleon was a prisoner, and the French Empire had collapsed.

On November 9, 1903, Mr. Balfour, then the British prime minister, declared: "I know not that any danger within the ken of human vision menaces in the smallest degree that peace which it should be our earnest endeavor to preserve." The war between Russia and Japan began on February 6, 1904.

From this survey it will appear that there was nothing strange or unusual in the fact that the present war burst upon the deliberations of a peace congress, scattering the delegates. But some elucidation of the apparent fact that historically pacifism is the harbinger of war would be desirable.

HENRY JONES FORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Kuno Francke's Poem

SIR: I enclose a translation of some verses by Professor Kuno Francke of Harvard University, which appeared in one of the Boston dailies a few days ago. I have submitted the translation to Professor Francke, and send them to you with his consent, hoping that you will be able to use them in your publication.

JOHN HEARD, JR.

A GERMAN PRAYER

Is this the end of Europe? Then, O God,
In thy great mercy save my people's soul
From utter darkness in the world's downfall!
Raise it above the lust and rage of yore,
Rejuvenated, purified, inspired,
That it may shine upon a new-born age
And shed its glory o'er the world once more!
O Spirit of my Race, thou art not crushed to earth!

KUNO FRANCKE.
—translated by John Heard, Jr.

From a British Wilderness

SIR: A letter in your issue of April twenty-fourth deploring the partiality of America for England has touched my heart. I am a lonely American in this dismal little British colony. The thought of the land is stupefied by dogma—the dogma of British virtue, British heroism, sea power, loyalty—all that pile of trash that seems to be a part of the pretension of empire. War, that lifts men, we are told, out of the commonplace sordidness of the everyday, has opened to the provincial mind the lofty vision of a Cecil Chesterton. The Governor, adopting the Biblical language of prophets, tells the illiterate fisherman of the evils of German "Kultur" and starving men of the blessings of the rule of King George. I love the Germans and I have said so. "How dare you," roared at me the magnificent Inspector General of Police, "open your mouth against the champions of Liberty!"

But I have come to love liberty less than I hate dogma and to see in our own proud new-world notions of liberty dogma enthroned and absolute. The tyranny of goodness is a real oppression and one may question whether it is not more stifling to the free soul than a political despotism that premises free thought by the annihilation of the moral dogma that is involved in the principle that "might makes right." The war, a conflict of "rights," may profoundly stir the mind of the bystander. But America appears to be too closely bound to Great Britain by a common civilization to see in the war anything but a struggle, not of "rights," but of right against wrong. No philosophical awakening is possible for us: The ties that bind us to the mother-land are not merely those of common civilization but the very partnership of our most precious state doctrines—the marriage of the Monroe Doctrine to British seapower. The moral bond is capped by the dollar. We are hopelessly incapable of real fairmindedness, for although we are unquestionably conscientiously just, the whole attitude is spoiled by the conscience happening to be British.

I refer gratefully to your correspondent's letter. Whether or not pro-German discussion has been in better taste than pro-Allied, it is at least obvious that the British sympathizer's pride in his good manners is not a bit more inspiring than the similar spectacle of empire-sated Britain grown indignant at disturbers of the world's peace.

I beg some reader of THE NEW REPUBLIC in a little, far-off German colony, if one is left, to pour out his heart to me. I wonder whether the provincialism there is of such a kind that he is driven by it to pray God for the enemy, some enemy, to come, capture, transform, annihilate that sterile land.

ROCKWELL KENT.

Brigus, Newfoundland.

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Parochial School Education

SIR: In your issue of April seventeenth there appears an article by John Dewey, of Columbia University, on vocational education, in which Professor Dewey attacks a bill on this subject, introduced into the last (1913) session of the Illinois legislature, under the auspices of the Commercial Club of Chicago, and now (1915) reintroduced. Of this bill Professor Dewey says:

> It was publicly stated and not denied that at the previous session every member of the legislature of the Roman Catholic faith received a letter from a superior dignitary of that church urging support of the bill.

"And why not?" asks Professor Dewey. That is to say, here is a measure which every good citizen ought to oppose, but the Catholics are for it; and their reason is easily understood.

Professor Dewey has been grossly imposed upon in this matter. Inquiry among Roman Catholic members of the 1913 and 1915 legislatures of Illinois shows that no such letter was ever sent or received. As for the introductory statement "It was publicly stated and not denied" everybody ought to know that appeals to religious bigotry are not made publicly, where they can be denied, but secretly, in the dark; and this particular disreputable lie has not hitherto been denied, because no one who could have any occasion to make a denial has known that the lie was in circulation, until Professor Dewey let it out.

While it makes no especial difference, and one feels like apologizing for defending against such a charge, in the twentieth century, I may add that Mr. Cooley, the Commercial Club's educational adviser, is a thirty-second degree Mason, while the Chicago Teachers' Federation, the leading opponent of the Commercial Club's bill, is probably seventy-five per cent Catholic.

It may perhaps occur to Professor Dewey that his Illinois correspondents have misled him on other points also in this vocational education controversy, and it may be suggested to him respectfully that he inquire into the accuracy of some more of the information he has received from this state. I do not here call attention to any of these points, but confine myself to the one sentence which I have quoted. Roman Catholic citizens of this state feel a deep sense of injustice at the suggestion that they have made an effort, officially or unofficially, to use for their own purposes the growing public interest in vocational education. The great bulk of us are sincere well-wishers of the public schools; and we can see no reason to doubt that a man may be a good citizen and a good Roman Catholic at the same time.

The conviction that a separate, but public, board should be put in charge of these public vocational schools—as is done with the State university, which in view of its special problem has a separate, but public, board of management—is independent of any religious question. It arises in part from a study of the experience of countries which have tried academic control, to their sorrow; in part from the experience of Wisconsin, where a "dual" plan identical with that proposed by the Commercial Club has been in successful operation for three years; and in part from Professor Dewey's own doctrine that the education of every individual should not be a thing apart from life, but should grow out of the experience of that individual, and be translated back again into experience; so that after, not before, a boy has begun his life-work in some occupation his further education should grow out of that occupation and be applied again in it. This is the principle on which the Commercial Club's vocational education bill is drawn.

CHARLES P. MEGAN.

Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Dewey Replies

SIR: I regret repeating any false report; and upon the express statement of Mr. Megan, denying, on the basis of personal knowledge, the report to which I gave currency, I gladly withdraw it with this expression of regret.

I should have been glad to leave the matter with this withdrawal and utterance of regret. But Mr. Megan uses the following words: "'And why not?' asks Professor Dewey. That is to say, here is a measure which every good citizen ought to oppose, but the Catholics are for it; and their reason is easily understood." And there are other intimations that anti-Catholic feeling influenced my argument. There is neither by statement nor by implication any such element in my article. Any one turning to my original article will see that the context of the "Why not?" quoted by Mr. Megan is wholly different from the meaning which he gratuitously supplies. I held and still hold that the Roman Catholics have a better and stronger claim for a divided apportionment of school funds and school control than have industrial interests. But since I regret *any* such division in our public schools, the fact that the bill in question puts our Catholic fellow citizens in a still better position to urge a still further division is a good ground for opposition to the bill.

Mr. Megan's own position on this matter is not clear to me. As is undoubtedly known to Mr. Megan, it has been pretty constantly urged that parochial schools should receive a proportionate share of the public schools funds. I do not understand whether he is disavowing for himself and friends any such desire; still less do I understand whether he is disavowing in behalf of the Roman Catholic Church any disposition to press further this claim. If he has authority for making the latter disavowal, his letter is of immense importance. But one can hold that such a division of funds is educationally unwise without believing for a moment that Catholics are undesirable citizens or are actuated by anything other than sincere desire to have justice done as they see justice.

JOHN DEWEY.

New York City.

Intimate Museums

SIR: In Lee Simonson's admirable article in your issue of April twenty-fourth it is said: "In Europe even minor museums have an essential and intimate relation to the life of their communities, for they are a community's visible memory of itself." The East India Marine Hall in Salem, Mass., is intimately connected with the seafaring life of old Salem when its tall ships went around the world, carrying a flag now seldom seen in remote harbors. The Louisiana Purchase Museum (that is probably not its official title) in the Jefferson Memorial in St. Louis is intimately related to the life of the Mississippi Valley in the old fur-trading days, and during the war. The Mormon Museum in Salt Lake City, though offensive to many Gentile visitors because of its obvious propagandist purpose and its thaumaturgical whoppers, vividly portrays the life of the first considerable industrial community in the region of the Rockies.

J. L. H.

New York City.

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A Greek Romance

Iphigenia in Tauris, translated from the Greek of Euripides by Gilbert Murray and presented for the Yale Dramatic Association by Granville Barker, Yale Bowl, New Haven, May 15, 1915.

GOOD weather could not be decoyed in a pleasanter spot than the Yale Bowl. The turf there is a resplendent green in color, the shape of the Bowl is restful, the New Havenese are a quiet and self-eliminative people. Had Mr. Barker allowed nothing to play there last Saturday but the wind, the performance would still have been beautiful. He was a fortunate man in the first of his open air performances, and he had twelve thousand spectators who rejoiced that nature was kind.

The part of the Bowl occupied by Mr. Barker's stage and his audience was not very large. A dime laid on a quarter would exaggerate it. And yet this half-occupied oval was most suitable for an open air performance. The severity of the stadium lent itself sympathetically to the severe lines of the great temple. The black and white circle which had the altar for its center was in keeping with the picture, and the empty green space behind the temple was also in concord. The only color in the marble walls was the barbaric gold of the central gates, with black bosses and waving vertical lines, and the waving horizontal lines on the side gates. Apart from this color, all was a grayish white, a perfect background for the human figure. The dignity of the setting, both that arranged by Mr. Barker and that conferred by the sun, could not well have been heightened.

Miss Lillah McCarthy, dressed as the priestess Iphigenia, was the first character to appear outside the temple. It was a question how the human voice would sound, but she had not uttered, "Child of the man of torment and of pride," before one realized that beside the pleasure of seeing one was also to have the pleasure of hearing. Nor did the voice have that lonely, homeless, orphan tone which is so common out of doors. It was complete, sugar-crust and all, as if the temple prevented its disintegrating.

With the conditions, then, superb, and the audience responsive, the only further thing that mattered was the performance—and the play. As for the play, I confess the thought was intimidating. The first performance was in the year 414 B.C., and the stage in those times, they say, was run with a rather different end in view. All Greek tragedies, as Gilbert Murray asserts, were intended to explain some ritual or observance or commemorate some great event. The Iphigenia is not a tragedy. It is really a very old-fashioned romantic play. But a good deal of it, in spite of its romance, is ritualistic in interest. A good deal of it is nutritious only to the archeologically prepared. This is no real obstacle to its enjoyment, of course. There is not one tenth the ritual about it that there is about a baseball game. But of that one tenth I give my word that only a very small proportion meant anything to me. To a well-prepared mind the feast of the Anthesteria should be full of meaning, and a passing reference to Agamemnon should give its emotional thrill. But for myself, and as I imagine for most of the audience, the play resolved itself into ordinary human romance. We prepared ourselves, after the fashion of our age, by rubbing against Mr. Murray's translations, in the hope that some of the quality would come off. But we only prepared a few hours ahead, after the fashion of our age, and it takes a little longer to capture Euripides. What resulted, therefore, was what so often results at grand opera or the foreign theatre. We got from "Iphigenia" just what human romance is simply and obviously revealed. Of the inner revelation we got as much as we gave.

But even if "Iphigenia" has an esoteric interest, it is quite clear that it has enough of the other kind to live its life to-day. Only, unfortunately, that life was not fully achieved. There is about Miss Lillah McCarthy a good deal more of the declaimer than of the actress. She vocalizes perfectly but she does not realize warmly. In her humanness she fails. Her performance of Iphigenia gave promise at one time of living up to the dramatic moment, but as the play progressed, as the deep possibilities developed, it was inescapable that Miss McCarthy lacked the imagination, the sympathetic inflection, which marks the difference between a marble and a wax model. There is something needlessly bland about Miss McCarthy, something needlessly honeyed and needlessly dulcet. Once or twice she lost this tone. She was ringingly imperative in her "Watch them, ye servitors"; but the sympathetic necessities of Iphigenia did not suit her. The part was wasted on her and she on it, and it was the chief imperfection, the chief juicelessness, of the performance.

As Orestes, on the contrary, Mr. Ian Maclaren came into his own. He did not succeed in the beginning in giving the impression of one broken and dependent, one recently mad, but when the time came to emphasize himself he did so richly. Aided excellently by Mr. Leonard Willey's Pylades, he made much of the scene leading up to his recognition, and it was in this passage that Iphigenia was also inspired. The unconfined open seemed to give Mr. Maclaren an abandon and verve which he does not possess indoors. And no less should be said of Mr. Claude Rains' herdsman and Mr. Phillip Merivale's messenger. The marble floors trembled like insecure planks under Mr. Rains' emphatic foot. He made the most of a mighty speech. As King Thoas Mr. Lionel Braham roared gloriously. So surprising was his voice, even in the Bowl, that the audience greeted it with unanimated laughter, and while it reduced Thoas to burlesque it served the good purpose of relieving the chorus's inevitable solemnity. That solemnity, after all, was a little ritualistic and depressing. The reunion of Iphigenia and Orestes was really not a dour event. Orestes had treated his mother badly, had in fact killed her, but his sister was very homesick and in helping him to escape she acted like the most spirited of women. It was a happy release from the barbarism of the temple. It came as an unexpected crisis in a life bitter and vengeful and bleak. With these values partly lost, it was permissible for the audience to enjoy Thoas, although Euripides would hardly have known him.

It was Mr. Norman Wilkinson, the designer, who earned this belated mirth. Mr. Barker had treated Euripides austerely. Professor David Stanley Smith, of Yale University, had composed music for the choruses that reverently carried out the poetic intentions of Gilbert Murray. But Mr. Wilkinson had known so little embarrassment that he turned the costumes of Tauris into uproarious farce. Of all kings probably a barbaric king is the uttermost example of propriety. But for Mr. Wilkinson Thoas could only be a joke. He wore a cloak as big as a carpet, sported a weird headdress and waved a wildly ornamental staff. The thinness and shrillness of this sartorial extravaganza were not in keeping with Euripides, but such flippancy did not seriously matter. It was a small eccentricity in a brave and sober theatrical adventure.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Books and Things

HIS plan, as he unfolded it, was quite simple. He believed a good way of teaching children to write English was to make them translate. You have heard of this plan before? Perhaps you have—but let him finish. They were not to translate from the classics or from the best hundred books in German or French. His plan was to supply them with samples of English prose done into French or German, have them turn these into English, compare their versions with the original English, take time to forget the originals, and then have another go at their own versions. How much rewriting were they to do? That would depend on circumstances—on the pupil, on the kind of author they had in hand, on human patience, on time. Such a game might be made amusing, he believed, to children who really wanted to learn something about writing English.

Yes, he had samples. Number one: "The Catholic Church maintains that, if the sun and moon fell from the sky, if the earth crumbled, if the millions of men who inhabit it died of hunger in the horrors of the most painful agony, and if temporal affliction had reached its climax, this would be a lesser evil than if a single soul, I will not say were lost, but committed a single venial sin, told one deliberate lie, or stole without legitimate excuse one wretched farthing." Did I recognize the passage? It was Newman, he said, in the "Apologia," and he read aloud the original: "The Catholic Church holds it better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse."

Here, he admitted, the translator was not singly to blame, for the French version of Newman contained one considerable inaccuracy. The Frenchman hadn't understood "as far as temporal affliction goes." But didn't I think such inaccuracies in the French or German could be removed, without too much trouble, if the scheme were ever tried in school? And he went on to his second example, from a German translation of Macaulay's "Warren Hastings": "In spite of all his faults—and those he had were neither few nor small—there was only one burial place worthy to receive his mortal frame. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great abbey which for many centuries has afforded a quiet resting-place to all who were broken in mind or body by contests in the great hall—there should the dust of the illustrious accused have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers. But this could not happen." Next came Macaulay himself: "With all his faults—and they were neither few nor small—only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers. This was not to be."

"Your second pupil," I said, "sounds better than the first." "Oh, I did all the translating myself, and of course Macaulay is easier than Newman. But listen to the hash I made of Stevenson—from 'Prince Otto' in French: 'A little further on the road crossed with a single arch above a brook of a certain size. Along this chattering water, at the bottom of a gorge that was turning green, a foot-path led down, rocky and rough here, clinging to the side of the ravine, there encumbered with bushes, or stretching for a few paces along fresh and level turf, a veritable place of resort for elves.'" Yes, it was certainly pretty bad. What did Stevenson write? My friend found the place: "A little below where they stood, a good-sized brook passed below the road, which overleapt it in a single arch. On one bank of that loquacious water a footpath descended a green dell. Here it was rocky and stony, and lay on the steep scarps of a ravine; here it was choked with brambles; and there, in fairy haughs, it lay for a few paces evenly on the green turf."

Well, you couldn't expect any translator to do much with "fairy haughs"—the French was "véritable rond-point des lutins." He had one more sample of his method—this one from the German: "The sun shines glaringly, the wind blows from the east, the sky is clear without a cloud, and out-of-doors everything is as hard as iron. One makes out the windows of the Crystal Palace from all parts of London. The excursionist enjoys delightedly the glorious day, and the painter turns away and shuts his eyes. How little this is understood, and how dutifully chance in nature is regarded as something sublime, may be measured by the boundless enthusiasm which is excited every day by a thoroughly insignificant sunset. The secret dignity of a snow-covered peak is destroyed if it is too distinct, yet it is the joy of the tourist to discover the climber on the top. The wish to see, merely for the sake of seeing, is for the crowd the only wish to be fulfilled, hence its delight in detail. And when the evening cloud covers the river bank with poetry as with a veil, and the mean buildings fade away against the troubled heaven, when the high chimneys become slender bell-towers, and the warehouses glimmer in the dusky night like palaces, and the whole city seems to hang in the sky, and fairy-land opens before our eyes—then the traveler . . ." But this was too much. "Your method may be useful," I said, "and for all I know it may be new, but you ought to be careful. You're in danger of spoiling some of my favorite bits of prose. No good writer's clean lines ought to be smudged in public." "Agreed. But the inferior substitutes won't be seen outside the schoolroom." And he read the original Whistler aloud:

"The sun blares, the wind blows from the east, the sky is bereft of cloud, and without, all is of iron. The windows of the Crystal Palace are seen from all points of London. The holiday-maker rejoices in the glorious day, and the painter turns aside to shut his eyes. How little this is understood, and how dutifully the casual in nature is accepted as sublime, may be gathered from the unlimited admiration daily produced by a very foolish sunset. The dignity of the snow-capped mountain is lost in distinctness, but the joy of the tourist is to recognize the traveler on the top. The desire to see for the sake of seeing, is, with the mass, alone the one to be gratified, hence the delight in detail. And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us—then the wayfarer . . ."

P. L.

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The Place of Imagism

IS there no end to the pretensions of the imagists? Mr. Ezra Pound we have become gradually accustomed to; but when Mr. Richard Aldington takes to extolling in *The Little Review* the work of his wife, and Mr. John Gould Fletcher to eulogizing in *Poetry* Miss Amy Lowell, and to patronizing, in a preface, Masefield and everybody else who, writing modern poetry, dares to employ rhyme or rhythm; when, indeed, the imagists have become nothing but a very loud-voiced little mutual-admiration society, surely the time has arrived when they should be adjusted to their places. They may do themselves, and possibly other poets, great harm.

We must realize that the fad of *vers libre,* or imagism, as in its later and acuter phase it is called, is not the panacea for poetic ills we had hoped it might be. We must learn to laugh, if we can, when solemn Mr. Fletcher informs us that even Vachel Lindsay cannot so hammer and twist old rhymes and rhythms as to revive them into poetry; that it is the imagists—among them J. G. Fletcher—who are the chosen of God to perform the miracle; and that Miss Amy Lowell's work is as important an event in the world of poetry as the European war is in the world of politics.

Let me confess at once my admiration for some of the works of Messrs. Pound, Flint, Aldington, and, in particular, of Mr. Fletcher. Mr. Pound, it is true, has lately become too much theory-ridden, and the good work of any of the others is astonishingly limited. But at its best, and I am inclined to think it is at its best in Mr. Fletcher's "Irradiations," it is often charming. Charming—that is at once the merit and the blemish of these poems. It should be observed that the reader who enjoys imagistic verse will always say of it that it is "interesting," "delightful," "charming"; never that it has stirred him. The reason, of course, is that in none of the work of this group of writers is there any emotional force.

Suppose we examine the theory of such work more closely. The imagists themselves do not know their aims too well. Mr. Pound told me that the great thing was "precision," and he added that "poetry should be at least as well written as prose"—no inversions, crampings, elisions, none of the process of tautening of speech by which poets have gained their effects in the past, no decorative element—merely the "image" desired. Rhythm or music in language Mr. Pound appeared not to comprehend, nor to be greatly concerned about. All this sort of thing was out of date and artificial.

Mr. Fletcher is perhaps not quite so extreme. Unfortunately, Mr. Fletcher has a good sense of rhythm, and knows also how to use rhyme, though sometimes rather feebly—characteristics which are a little awkward in an imagist. The result of this unfortunate endowment is that Mr. Fletcher, in the somewhat pompous pronunciamento that heads his volume, is at times inconsistent. He is sufficiently in accord with Mr. Pound to declare stoutly that the decorative in poetry must be killed; he cheerily flings overboard Masefield ("and worse"), and all other "doggerel scribblers" and writers of "monotonous ragtime." But then, hedging a little, he admits that rhyme and measure are permissible if they add to the richness of the effect. What on earth, Mr. Fletcher, one is moved to ask, is richness so achieved if not decorative, and the very negation of your platform?

As a matter of fact, the supreme characteristic of Mr. Fletcher's work, as of Mr. Aldington's, Mr. Flint's, Mr. Pound's in its lucid moments, and Miss Lowell's, is that it is unmixedly decorative; precisely the thing they pretend to wage war on. The writers tell us they are going back to essentials, that they will strip poetry of artifice, that they will speak to us in a simple direct speech which is human and natural; with no fripperies about it, no pretentiousness; clear outlines, the exact word, few adjectives. And having thus misled us into expecting arrows in the heart, they shoot pretty darts at the more sophisticated brain. They give us frail pictures—whiffs of windy beaches, marshes, meadows, city streets, dissheveled leaves; pictures pleasant and suggestive enough. But seldom is any of them more than a nice description, coolly sensuous, a rustle to the ear, a ripple to the eye. Of organic movement there is practically none.

What movement an imagist poem appears to have, indeed, is largely imposed by an arbitrary chopping into lines. Printed as prose, rhythm other than prose rhythm does not disclose itself. Mr. Fletcher alone, as I have already said, betrays a feeling for movement, for flow and balance. Precisely on that account he gains by comparison with his more music-deaf commensals, and his poems, while deficient in emotion—bits of cool synaesthesia—sometimes have a well-defined musical progression, suspense climbing to resolution, like certain little gavottes by Bach, artificial and Watteau-like. But Mr. Fletcher is the exception. Recently a weekly paper printed, as if by inadvertence, a poem of Miss Lowell's backwards. It was excellent criticism of the art of the imagists. The poem flowed quite as well backwards as forwards, and, alas, made quite as good sense.

The trouble with all this movement is that there has arisen a false sense of its proportion. We take the imagists too seriously, or rather, they take themselves too seriously. They are not doing anything new nor anything great. At its best their work is a gentle preciosity of sound and color which may please the jaded connoisseur. It is often unreal, often remote, almost always thin; to a great extent it is enjoyable only in proportion as one is hyperaesthetic, or so oversophisticated as to delight in delicate fractures of the conventional. It is like poetic prose which lacks the emotional force to lift it into poetry. Far from enlarging the scope of poetry, the imagists restrict it. Witness the significantly limited range of subjects which they can handle, the astonishing amount of echo and similarity even within that range. The imagists are endeavoring to make a poetry out of a finely sensory world which really would better serve as a background for poetry, as it has served in the work of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Coleridge, and Keats; otherwise the result is a setting without a play. And in a kind of despair to substitute some sort of action for the lacking emotional dominant, they force themselves to a morbid hyperaesthesia, a violent preciosity of the fancy, which results in such cold and heavy conceptions as that of a naked body "crashing" through light (the light, no doubt, coiling and eddying behind), or a wind ploughing the heat and turning it to right and left, or the leaves on a tree clashing one against another; to the imagist mind even a postage-stamp does not flutter to the floor, it crashes.

It is a singular obsession of these writers that any poetic form which involves regularity is of necessity cramping, barbaric, and factitious. It seems hardly necessary to point out that the genius of the true poet is that he can work marvelous harmonic and rhythmic modulations within just such restrictions, and moreover, that these restrictions are always imposed by the poet himself, for aesthetic value received. If the author voluntarily foregoes such reward, sidestepping the labor involved, it is probably because

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what he has to say would appear meagre in full regalia; instinct tells him that a plain face looks plainer in a rich dress.

There is, however, a function for the forms the imagists are trying, and a very useful one—the exploitation of that sphere of experience which is half emotional, half sensuous, the world of shadowy velleities, semi-conscious inhibitions and regrets, evanescent impressions; a psychological world which, while it would be too tediously subtle in prose, yet lacks also the intensity of poetry; in a word, the semi-precious in experience. By all means let the imagists go to work on this, which is admirably adapted to their cooler talents.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Arnold Bennett's Fantasia

The City of Pleasure, by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents net.

LIKE nearly all other stories by the same author, "The City of Pleasure," written seven or eight years ago and now published for the first time in the United States, is a collaboration by Arnold Bennett and Arnold Bennett.

In the first place, we have Mr. Bennett the observer. He has walked this world with his eyes open. He has looked at it partly because he finds the process great fun, and partly because he takes, as he has himself said, "a malicious and frigid pleasure" in seeing and "setting down facts which are opposed to accepted sentimental falsities." One stimulus to observing and recording has been his delight in verifying, time after time, his belief that life is not like what you have been told about it and not like what you would expect.

This belief he takes with him into details. See, for example, his treatment of the City of Pleasure itself—the many-acred resort devised by Mr. Charles Carpentaria and financed by Mr. Josephus Ilam. Mr. Bennett is telling us where the gate receipts and all the other receipts are housed. This temporary storeroom "was not located, perhaps, exactly where you might have expected it to be." In this fact Mr. Bennett rejoices robustly. His chapter called "The Heart of the City" is almost a piece of self-portraiture. It reveals his joy in the defeat of expectation by life. It reveals that busy interest in the concrete working of things which is one with his busy interest in the concrete working of men's and women's heads and hearts.

Sprinkled over this book are bits of Mr. Bennett's sharp amused observation—the second balloonist who gives superfluous information because he was "anxious to prove to himself that he also had the right to converse with the mighty Carpentaria"; the young woman "whom any praise, save of her personal appearance, made extremely uncomfortable"; the young man "who, having been let into one of the director's secrets, expected, with the confidence of youth, to be let into all of them." It is years since novel readers discovered that Mr. Bennett could teach them how to enjoy their own peculiarities and their neighbors'.

Mr. Bennett's high spirits are diffused through this book. They "make gay" his attitude, as he might himself say, though his gallicisms are few, toward the City of Pleasure itself, so solidly built. High spirits paint his portrait of Carpenteria, the bandmaster and composer who invented the city and who happens on one occasion to be conducting "God Save the King": "Moreover, he showed a certain reserve in handling it. He merely conducted it as though in conducting it he himself were literally saving the King. That was all." When Carpentaria's conducting has been interrupted by news that his partner has been abducted and perhaps murdered, his artistic soul sighs out these words: "Everybody in this City runs to me when the slightest thing goes wrong." When Carpentaria is in love, the artist and the lover express themselves simultaneously: "I am a great man, but I have done nothing, absolutely nothing, to deserve her goodness."

High spirits and observation are not alone in this book. An ingenious plot, one of Mr. Bennett's most ingenious, keeps them company. The story is exciting until almost the end of the book. For a plot this is high praise. Either every book with this kind of plot has a law of its own, in obedience to which writer and reader tire at the same moment, or else the explanation is simpler—the reader tires merely because the writer was tired. In which case the remedy would be easy—cut off the last tenth, or ninth, or whatever, and substitute the shortest possible chapter of solution. Toward the end Mr. Bennett's plot nearly effaces his characters.

In the making of the plot one finds only two oversights. In the first chapter Mr. Ilam hates his partner. In the last chapters this hatred has faded, one doesn't know why. And in Chapter XXVI Mr. Jetsam makes an unexplained trip to the top story of Mr. Ilam's house. The explanation is plain enough later—Mr. Bennett wanted Mr. Jetsam out of the way. This is the only bit of cheating by the plot-maker. The fadeaway of Mr. Ilam's hatred was probably mere forgetfulness.

A more serious reproach is Mr. Bennett's old paralytic lady. She is too much with us. Not since "Thérèse Raquin" was put on the stage has paralysis caused more restlessness and impatience among readers or spectators. Is this a charge that Mr. Bennett has been "disagreeable" again? Not quite. Merely a charge that what is disagreeable to him is more disagreeable than he thinks. "Grimness" is a good thing, but the same "grimness" over and over again, remorseless, unsurprising, may produce a state that is neither an acute attack of nerves nor boredom, but something between the two, and a good deal like both. Paralysis and high spirits may be associated too closely.

However, neither the old paralytic lady nor the longnesses near the end can keep the book from being both exciting and good fun. And of one Arnold Bennett, of the one whose perceptiveness is to insight as prose is to poetry, "The City of Pleasure" is a most entertaining example.

Our Share of Canal Trade

The Panama Canal and International Trade Competition, by Lincoln Hutchinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75 net.

IN the years that have passed since the United States undertook the labor of joining the oceans at Panama, much of our initial enthusiasm has ebbed away. It was a magnificent work, to be sure; man never would have been contented with commerce beating vainly against the thin barrier of the Isthmus. But now we ask, will it pay? And above all, will its fruits come to us, or have we executed, at our expense, a work that will benefit chiefly our commercial rivals? To answer these questions involves a vast deal of tedious calculation on the cost of shipment of goods by the several ocean routes, the importance, actual and potential, of the markets lying within the sphere of

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influence of the canal, our capacity for supplying those markets, etc. The labor of making such calculations has been occupying a number of our scholars for some years, and now we have, in Professor Hutchinson's work, the final conclusions of one of the best equipped of these scholars. The reader who follows Professor Hutchinson's survey in all its details will derive from it the comfortable conclusion that the Panama Canal has a sufficient material, as well as moral, justification.

For the whole Pacific littoral, from Chile to Japan, the canal increases the advantage of New York over Liverpool and other European ports, and overcomes handicaps under which American shipments formerly labored. By the best of the old routes the cost of service rate by slow freighters from New York to Valparaiso is 9.8 per cent less than the rate from Liverpool. By the new route the margin in favor of New York ought to be 35.7 per cent. To Yokohama the difference in favor of Liverpool was 15.4 per cent; by the Panama Canal—a shorter route for both Liverpool and New York—the margin of advantage, amounting to 10.5 per cent, shifts to the side of New York. Southeast of Yokohama the old routes give greater advantages to Liverpool than the new route gives to New York, excepting the markets of New Zealand and eastern Australia. But American freight bound for points as far west as Batavia will gain from shipment by way of Panama.

The market that the Panama Canal thus throws open to us on favorable terms is vast and capable of wonderful development. But are we in a position to take advantage of it? For years we have all been regaled with accounts of the relative inefficiency of our foreign trade. We lack ships, we have no such credit organization in the Pacific basin as our competitors; we do not study the demands of our foreign customers with sufficient care, nor exert ourselves to meet known requirements. Professor Hutchinson admits that there is a modicum of truth in these charges. We do indeed lack ships; but the mercantile marine of the world is sufficiently denationalized to handle freight of all nations on nearly equal terms.

Even as matters stand, our share in the exports to the Pacific basin is considerable, and rapidly increasing. In this trade the United Kingdom naturally leads, with $348,700,000 (average for 1907-1911); but the United States is second, with $200,200,000, and Germany third, with $92,500,000. But while British exports had increased 51.7 per cent over the preceding decade, and those of Germany 81 per cent, the exports of the United States had increased 92.1 per cent. In the import trade the United Kingdom stands first, with $367,200,000, the United States second, with $226,900,000, and Germany third, with $151,000,000. The increase for the decade was 62.5 per cent for the United Kingdom, 112.9 per cent for the United States and 113.9 per cent for Germany. The reader who examines Professor Hutchinson's detailed analyses, which give not only the figures for the total trade with each country in the Pacific basin, but also the specific items of which the trade is composed, will be gratified with the showing already made by American business.

That part of the Pacific basin which will be rendered most accessible to our industry by the opening of the new route—the Pacific Coast of the two Americas—is one of the few great undeveloped regions remaining in the world. Population is sparse, and the rich natural resources are almost untouched. Vast opportunities are at hand for the investment of foreign capital. These regions must be provided with railways, mining machinery, hydro-electric equipment and all the miscellaneous mechanical appliances required in the exploitation of a new country. Now it is precisely in metallurgical products and machinery that American industry has attained its highest development. We cannot supply woolens and cottons more cheaply than can the British and the Germans. Iron and steel, and the vast range of manufactures based on these materials, we can supply at least as cheaply as any other nation.

The natural conditions of exchange of products between the Pacific countries and our industrial sections will be decidedly favorable to us when the Panama Canal is in full operation. Professor Hutchinson points out, however, that the course of trade will not be determined by natural conditions alone. We shall need to encourage our manufacturers to combine their efforts in the cultivation of the new markets. And we shall need to accept the obligation of investing capital in the development of the Pacific countries. We cannot expect that railways and hydro-electric companies, financed in European centers, will turn to us for the equipment needed. Other things being equal, purchases will be made in the country which provides the funds making such purchases possible. Indeed, the interdependence of finance and industry is so close that in many instances the patronizing of national industry is a tacit condition on which loans are extended.

Since Professor Hutchinson's book was written, the course of European events has been such as to make even more certain the rapid advance in American trade beyond the Isthmus. New York has taken a decidedly higher rank among the world's financial markets, and the probability that promoters of development enterprises on the Pacific will have recourse to American finance, and hence to American industry, has measurably increased.

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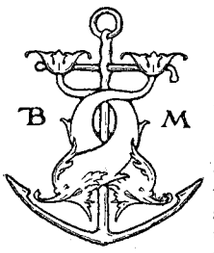

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